THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1874.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1874. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. No. 30.

FORTUNATE FATE.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

A languor o'er the landscape lies,
A change has crossed the earth and skies,
Solemn, but glorious;
With heaven looking in his eyes,
The exhausted year falls back and dies,
But dies victorious.

With all his golden harvests in,
And nothing left for him to win,
Just as he halted
To view his work and hear the din
Of praiseful tongues, the year has been
By Death assaulted.

And it is well; and many more,
Grown great in any work or war,
Would leave to cherish
A purer name, a surer name,
If in the hour that makes their fame
They could but perish.

THE SEA OF FIRE;

OR,

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

PROEM.

THE DE LANCYS.

The De Lancy family was old. The first American De Lancy had come over with Lord Baltimore. The De Lancys had prospered and grown rich from year to year. They had acquired large estates both in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and above all they had owned the famous De Lancy Ruby.

The Pennsylvania and Maryland estates and the great Ruby had descended from father to son, until, in the present century, they had fallen to the lot of Ralph and Calvert De Lancy. Ralph, the elder, had taken the Maryland property and the Ruby, while the land in Pennsylvania became Calvert's share.

Calvert apparently was strict, self-contained, self-controlled, marking out a path for himself, and rigidly adhering to it. He entered the army, and earned a reputation for bravery and fondness for discipline. He had risen to the rank of brigadier-general.

Ralph had adopted no profession. He had early married a young and beautiful wife. She was in delicate health. They were sojourning in Italy, when she died in giving birth to a son—Aubrey. After his wife's death, Ralph plunged into dissipation. As soon as he was old enough, the child, Aubrey, was sent home. His father remained in Europe—living principally in Paris, in which city he lost large sums at play. Finally, the great Ruby disappeared. It had been set in a ring, but its place was now occupied by a large pearl. One night Ralph De Lancy played for high stakes in a Paris salon. The next morning he awoke, owning nothing but his wife's ring which he wore on his finger.

In the meantime Aubrey De Lancy had grown from childhood to youth, and the first year of manhood was opening to him when he received a letter from his father—the first in twenty-one years. Ralph De Lancy had wandered from place to place, and at last settled down as a banker in a Brazilian city.

Aubrey had spent his life thus far in a stately old mansion, in one of the richest and most picturesque counties of Pennsylvania. His Uncle Calvert was seldom at home, but though he showed no love for the boy, he took care that he was properly cared for and educated. In return, Aubrey made himself useful in various ways, for his uncle was anything but a man of business. Of late, Aubrey had received sums of money from his father. These he had invariably placed in bank to his uncle's credit, and he felt relieved to think that his obligation to the stern old soldier was being gradually cancelled in this manner, and by his exertions for the prosperity of the estate.

But Aubrey had found time for something besides business. He had found time to fall in love with Mildred Verne; and on a certain October evening he told with his lips what his eyes had told her before.

CHAPTER I.

PANSIES AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.

The smooth expanse of well-kept lawn stretched down to the brink of the clear-flowing river. Clumps of shrubbery and huge circular beds of scarlet geraniums, glowing like rubies amid the emerald setting of the lawn, stood between the river and the house. The house, with its background of autumn-hued trees, was a pretty object to contemplate, although it was of the modern American style of architecture, having Greek pillars, Gothic turrets, a Mansard roof, and stucco ornaments in profusion. The morning was one of those bracing, fresh October mornings that come with an overflowing wealth of bright sunshine and azure sky, as if to show us that if Mother Earth gains in years, she loses nothing in beauty.

In a small room, the French window of which looked on the lawn, Mildred Verne was seated. A light easel stood before her, holding an unfinished sketch of a group of forget-me-nots and pansies. But Mildred Verne was not painting. Her brush hung idly in her right hand, while her cheek rested on the other. She looked troubled and anxious. Ever and anon she turned with ill-concealed impatience toward the door. Her cheeks were flushed, and her large, dark, earnest eyes seemed full of some sad thought. She was really beautiful this morning.

AUBREY AND MILDRED DE LANCY.

Want of color, connoisseurs said, was the fault of her face, and the rose-tint that suffused it now, remedied its only defect. She was a slender, graceful girl—a brunette—with a skin as smooth and pale as the petal of a magnolia, and an abundance of exquisitely fine dark hair that was neither black nor brown. Her dress was of some soft buff and white-colored stuff, and in spite of the fashionable and ugly ruffles, puffs, and excrescences, it looked as graceful on her as the drapery of one of Canova's statues.

A rustling—the loud frou-frou of a stiff silk dress—was heard in the hall. Mildred seized her palette, and began to use her brush vigorously upon her group of flowers.

"Good-morning, my dear," said a suave, low-toned voice, and a lady, well-preserved, but evidently past the prime of life, entered. She was a pretty, brown-eyed, brown-haired woman, with something more than the suspicion of a double chin. Her features were small, and expressed entire satisfaction with herself and all the world. But only half of this expression told the truth. She was remarkably well-satisfied with herself, but not with all the world, and she had thought of several plans for improving it, or at least that portion of it which lay immediately around her. Her name was Mrs. Martyn Verne, and she was Mildred's stepmother.

"Very pretty, ve-ry pretty, indeed," said Mrs. Martyn Verne in her smooth voice that irresistibly reminded one of dropping oil, as she raised her eyeglass, and looked over Mildred's shoulder. "I hope you enjoyed your breakfast, my dear. I was sorry to leave you alone, but this morning my health made it absolutely necessary for me to take my chocolate in bed."

Mildred nervously clenched the handle of her brush. "Cruel, cruel," she thought, "to talk in this way of trifles when she knows that I am waiting to hear her answer to Aubrey."

"Such a charming day!" And Mrs. Verne allowed herself to drop gently into the softest chair. "I don't believe the far-famed Italian sky is equal to our heavenly blue." Mrs. Verne looked placidly out the window, and arranged the ochre-tinted Valenciennes lace at her throat. "Dear me, how I should like to travel! Your dear papa was a great traveller. He brought me this lace and my pearl brooch from Rome. He was told that they had been heirlooms in the Cenci family, but I am not sure—"

Mildred could endure the suspense no longer. She had proudly resolved not to speak first of the subject nearest her heart, but her pride gave way before her anxiety to know the truth.

"Mamma," she interrupted, "what did Aubrey say last night?"

"Aubrey?" said Mrs. Verne, in a tone of gentle rebuke. "Mr. De Lancy, you mean. For my sake, my dear, don't show so much emotion. It's extremely unladylike. In society people never show what they feel or say what they think. I am trying to school you, Mildred, into that apparent indifference which is a mark of good-breeding."

"Speak, mamma, tell me! Did he say—" Mildred faltered, and her color heightened. Mrs. Verne shook her head sadly.

"You will be impulsive, Mildred. I must confess I was greatly surprised to-night when young Mr. De Lancy asked, in truth, see me in private. I may say, without that I was never so much astonished in my life as when he asked me for your hand, saying that you awaited only my permission to become his wife. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my ears. Why, you and Aubrey De Lancy have played and quarrelled with each other ever since you could speak. The idea is too absurd!"

"And why?" demanded Mildred, with some resentment in her voice.

"How can you ask such a question, my dear? Have you no knowledge of human nature? People who have known each other intimately never marry—at least, my experience proves it—for they are too well acquainted with each other's faults. When a man marries a woman, my dear, he generally believes her to be an angel. If it were not for that belief there would be no love-matches. Now, how can Aubrey De Lancy think you an angel when you have scratched and pinched him scores of times?"

"Aubrey likes me because I am myself!" exclaimed Mildred, indignantly.

"Moderate your tones, I implore. Well, young Mr. De Lancy begged and entreated that I would not refuse my permission. It was really a picturesque scene. The library all darkened, with a mere thread of moonlight coming through the window, and the young man protesting and gesticulating. I enjoyed it. It was like an incident in a play."

"Oh, mamma, what answer did you give him?" Mildred started to her feet, almost certain of what the answer had been, and yet faintly hoping still.

"I said, no."

Mildred's eyelids drooped. She turned pale, and tottered. But her will was strong; she stood upright, and lifted a small, trembling hand to her face, to conceal her distress.

"I said no, Mildred, but it was for your good. Aubrey De Lancy is poor, and we are not rich. I spend every cent of my income, and our style of living is very inferior to what I was accustomed to before your father's death. When you marry, Mildred, it must be for money. Poor girls can't afford to fall in love—"

"I will never marry for money!" cried Mildred, her eyes blazing with scorn. "If I cannot marry Aubrey, I never marry anybody—there!" and she burst into a passion of tears.

"Extremely undignified—very unladylike," said Mrs. Martyn Verne, addressing herself to the ceiling. "But I have not finished yet, my dear. Mr. Aubrey De Lancy last night enacted the part of a despairing lover to perfection. But I was, as usual, cool and collected. At last I made him understand that two people cannot live on nothing. He has expectations, I admit. When his uncle Calvert dies, he will probably inherit the De Lancy estate; but then he uncle may marry, and have children; and people can't subsist on expectation that may come to nothing. After much reasoning on my part, he seemed to see this. His father, you know, is engaged in some business down in an outlandish South American place. He thinks—Aubrey not the father—that he can gain a fortune there much more quickly than elsewhere; and he intends to leave us in a few days."

"Without seeing me?"

"No, my dear. It was imprudent, I admit, but I have a heart, and I gave him permission to call here, and take his leave. If he makes a fair amount of money, and you both remain attached to each other until his return from South America, you may become man and wife with my full consent."

Mildred did not seem to feel sufficiently grateful for this condescending permission. She had caught sight of some object in the grounds. She waved her hand, and then ran lightly out through the French window. Aubrey De Lancy had just emerged from the shrubbery that bordered the road.

Mrs. Martyn Verne clasped her hands in despair. "Will the girl ever learn that composure and calmness should be a lady's chief characteristics? How affectionate they are! One would think they had not met for years. Well, let them vow and promise. They are both young, and youth forgets easily."

With this sentiment on her lips, Mrs. Martyn Verne left the room.

The lovers had met on the lawn.

"Oh, Aubrey!" Mildred began, in a choking voice, as the young man drew her arm within his.

"Oh, Mildred!" said Aubrey, trying to smile. But the attempt was a failure. "Cheer up, Mildred. It will be only for a little while."

"But you will be far, far away, for all that. Every hour of your absence will seem a year to me. Oh, why must you go?"

"I must go, Mildred, because I want you to be my wife. If I stay here that can never be. Your stepmother's words last night opened my eyes to my own selfishness. Here have I been carelessly lounging about my uncle's place, doing nothing—"

"That is untrue," interrupted Mildred, warmly. "I have heard your uncle himself say that the estate would have gone to ruin long ago, if you had not been there."

"But, Mildred, did that place me nearer to the end, for which I intend to work henceforth with all my strength? Did it bring me the permission that I might call you wife? No. It did not. All that does not put me nearer to you, I account as nothing."

"Why should you go away, Aubrey? Can you not make money at home?—or why not wait? You will be your uncle's heir."

"Your stepmother has been telling you so; but she has forgotten my father; and even if I were his heir, I would never stoop to wait in idleness for a dead man's shoes." He spoke sternly.

"Forgive me for suggesting it; but the thought that we must part is terrible. Where are you going? My stepmother said to some place in South America."

"To Para, in Brazil."

Mildred sighed. "I will try to live and hope. It will be very hard."

"And you will not forget me?" he said, looking wistfully into her face. "You will not forget me?"

"How can you ask? That would be impossible."

"Promise. Let me hear you say it."

"I will be true to you until death, Aubrey," she said, solemnly.

"And I to you, Mildred. Nothing on earth can part us."

They stood on the lawn. Everything around them was fair and joyful—in mockery it seemed. The two passed up to the house in silence. They entered Mildred's boudoir. Aubrey looked around sadly. Each object in the room reminded him of bright days that were past—perhaps forever. He took the little sketch of pansies and forget-me-nots from the easel.

"Thought and remembrance," he said, gazing at the unfinished flowers. "May I keep this?"

Mildred assented silently. He drew from his vest-pocket a gold ring in which was set a large pearl, and placed it on Mildred's finger.

"Wear it until you exchange it for the one that will bind you to me for life. This ring was my mother's. Once it held the great Ruby; and when the Ruby left us our good fortune went with it."

Mildred looked at the ring, and noticed that the space around the pearl had been filled up with gold, as if the original stone had been much larger. Her eyes filled with tears. He deemed her worthy to wear the ring of that mother whose very name was to him a holy thing! She thanked him with a look.

A few more words, very low and sad, yet being their last, also very sweet, and they parted. A cloud crossed the face of the sun, and shadowed lawn, river, and road, as Aubrey gazed for the last time upon them. And at the same time the first shadow of a darker cloud fell on the lives of the two who had lately said farewell.

"Mr. De Lancey has gone, ma'am," announced Mrs. Martyn Verne's maid.

"Gone?" repeated that lady, languidly looking up from a novel. "I am glad to hear it, Nora. In six months we'll make Mildred a rich woman, and I'll enjoy the luxuries to which I have been accustomed."

"Troth, ma'am, she mayn't give up her sweetheart so aisily."

"Pshaw, Nora! She'll forget him in three months."

"Miss Mildred isn't the gurll to forget," said Nora, indignantly.

"Can't you comb my hair without pulling it out by the roots? She will not forget, you say. We shall see." And Mrs. Verne returned to her novel.

CHAPTER II.

ANTONIO THE AVENGER.

At nightfall an old man was often seen stealing stealthily through the streets of Para toward his home in the most obscure quarter of the city. Few noticed him save those of his own race whom he casually met. By them he was treated with deep respect. He was an Indian. His name was Antonio—to which name the Indians had added, in their own language, the significant title of avenger. In the terrible revolution of 1835, he had proved his claim to this appellation. When the government had regained power in Para he was imprisoned, but soon released through the influence of some friend at court. Since that time he had lived alone in Para.

Antonio the Avenger spent the greater part of his time in the surrounding forest, and poor as the old Indian seemed, he possessed a jewel of inestimable value—a jewel which had been the envy of barbaric princes—to obtain which Indian kings long before the coming of Pizarro or Cortez had given hundreds of slaves and a thousand times its weight in gold. The Indians, in their florid imagery, had named it "The Sea of Fire," and it certainly looked as if the crimson glow of a burning forest had been concentrated within it. This ruby had been handed down from chief to chief of Antonio's tribe for many centuries. For the last two hundred years it had been alienated from the tribe. A white adventurer had gained possession of it, and among his countrymen it was known as the great De Lancy Ruby. This white adventurer was one of Aubrey De Lancy's ancestors. At last Antonio had regained the stone—the tradition of which remained among his people. There was in Para one man who knew that Antonio possessed the gem. This man was Ross Burleigh. He had silently followed Antonio into the forest, and there he had seen the old Indian gloating over his hidden treasure. Ross Burleigh resolved that the stone should be his. Day after day this man tracked the unconscious old Indian from place to place with the unerring tenacity of a bloodhound. His opportunity came at last.

The oppressive stillness of a southern night brooded over the depth of the forest. No sound save the far-distant cry of some wild animal, or the fall of a heavy bough broke the profound silence. Where the trees grew less dense, the light of the moon struggled down on feathery, fern-like palms and twining, snaky lianas.

Aubrey De Lancy had wandered far into the woods, following the track of a jaguar. He had lost the animal's trail and his own way, and night had overtaken him unawares. He was now endeavoring to recover the path that led toward Para. Thus far he had been unsuccessful. During the two years that had passed since he had come to Brazil, he spared no exertion to make himself familiar with the forest and its inhabitants; but it takes a lifetime to thoroughly know even a small portion of a South American forest, and where a native would have been perfectly at home, Aubrey was wholly bewildered.

He had walked slowly, carefully seeking for some sign that might indicate the locality. Not using sight as his guide, for that was comparatively useless now, but the sense of feeling—which in a woodman's life is educated to the highest degree.

Suddenly he stopped and looked steadily ahead of him. At this place a tall palm had fallen, dragging with it numerous smaller trees and a mass of creeping vines. Here, at least, the unobstructed moonbeams made the scene nearly as light as day.

Half-hidden in the foliage of the fallen trees, lay a sleeping man. It was Antonio the Avenger. Bending over him, stood Ross Burleigh. The latter held poised over the old Indian's heart, a broad, sharp knife, or machete. The glitter of the steel in the pale light caught Aubrey De Lancy's eye. With the swiftness of thought, Aubrey raised his rifle to his shoulder, forgetting that a short time before he had fired his last shot at a peccari. He pulled the trigger. A sharp click followed.

Ross Burleigh started and looked round. Aubrey maintained his position without moving a limb. Though the assassin looked directly toward him, the shadow of a towering palm hid him from view.

Aubrey thought of the revolver in his pocket. In another instant the upraised machete would pierce the palpitating flesh of the helpless victim. The old Indian had awakened, and unable to utter a sound, was gazing in impotent agony into the cruel face above him.

"Hold!" cried Aubrey. "Hold, or I fire!"

The murderer was intent on his work. The knife was descending. A lurid flash, a loud report, a shriek from Antonio, a groan from Burleigh, and a wild chorus of cries from the aroused animals of the forest.

Ross Burleigh fell forward, with the machete pointed downward upon the body of the prostrate Indian.

Uttering an exclamation of dismay, Aubrey sprang from beneath the shadow of the palm. The ball from the pistol had entered Burleigh's right side. He showed no sign of life when Aubrey reached him. A groan from the old Indian told that he still lived. Aubrey dragged Burleigh from Antonio's body, and as he did so the machete was drawn from the wound in the Indian's breast. A gush of blood followed, for Burleigh had fallen a dead weight upon the weapon.

Aubrey tore off his linen coat, and with it endeavored to stanuch the crimson tide.

"It is useless," said Antonio, in a scarcely audible voice. "It is useless, Senhor, I must die. It has been so decreed. The blade of that machete was dipped in the Urari poison. I know its effects too well."

Aubrey felt that there was but little hope, if that deadly and quick-working poison had been used. He remembered the antidote.

"It may not be too late to save you. Is there salt in your pouch?"

The Indian shook his head negatively.

Aubrey looked at the hideous, gaping wound, and shuddered. He could not stand there idly, and see the life of a fellow-being ebbing away. He had heard it said by the Indians that this poison is harmless if swallowed, provided there is no open scratch or wound that the poison can touch. Crushing down his overwhelming disgust with the firmness of his resolution, he knelt beside the Indian. The latter divined his intention.

"No," he said, proudly waving Aubrey away with a gesture of his right hand. "No. A descendant of Atahualpa cannot owe his life to one of the conqueror's race." A fierce red flash shot into the old man's eyes. He pointed toward Ross Burleigh. "You killed him?"

Aubrey assented.

"You did well. You avenged me. Ha! his blood flows from his heart, and the earth drinks it. It is well." An expression of fiendish malice and satisfaction overspread the Indian's face, making him for a moment unconscious of the pain-throbs of his wound. "You have avenged me, pale face—you have avenged me, and I will reward you. Here at my side you will find a pouch. That is it, take it."

After some fumbling, Aubrey succeeded in detaching a skin pouch from Antonio's belt. The Indian held out his trembling hand for it. He opened the pouch, and from it took the Ruby wrapped in many folds of silky palm leaves. He muttered some inarticulate words over the stone, and returned it to Aubrey.

"It is yours," he said, feebly. "I am dying. The last chief of my tribe is dying. To you I give the Sea of Fire—the treasure of our race. Know you that an Inca once loved to feast his eyes upon it? Perhaps he saw therein the blood of his enemies. I

loved it for that reason, but the blood I have shed would fill a sea, larger, wider, deeper—"

Aubrey started back in horror. The old chief's face had become ghastly from loss of blood. The falling moonlight revealed it distorted by pain, rage and savage exultation. He had slightly raised himself in his energy, but he now fell back speechless. Aubrey looked around for water. There was none at hand. Antonio spoke again in a thick, guttural voice.

"Guard this treasure well, man of the North. To my avenger I can deny nothing. You are now the guardian of the Sea of Fire. Keep it well. Never let it leave you, or ruin and death will surely fall upon you. It left our tribe once. Since then we have been doomed."

The old man's voice subsided into a faint moan. A cloud hid the moon; the shadows of death and night seemed both to swoop down at once. Darkness and silence took possession of the forest.

Aubrey marked the spot by cutting strips of bark from the neighboring trees. Then he resumed his search for the path.

He had just left the place where the two men lay when an Indian hag, her arms filled with evil-smelling herbs, emerged from a tangled clump of trees, and began groping on the ground as if searching for a particular plant. Accidentally she struck her hand against Ross Burleigh's head. By means of flint, steel and dry palm-fibres she struck a light, and looked into his face.

"Bah!" she grunted, contemptuously, "Satanas, thy patron, has thee now."

She turned toward Antonio the Avenger. Her wrinkled face expressed deep interest. With almost reverential care she raised his head. She started off, soon returning with a gourd filled with salt—the antidote to the Urari poison. This she forced into Antonio's mouth, murmuring and chanting as she did so.

At last Aubrey De Lancy found the path that led back to the city. He walked during the remainder of the night. When he reached Pará the rosy fingers of dawn had seized the cloud curtains of night, and torn them aside. Standing in the flowing flood of morning light he took Antonio's gift from the pouch. The gem was marvellous in size and color. He examined it minutely. There was a crest faintly cut on the under side. The truth flashed into his mind.

The Sea of Fire was the great De Lancy Ruby, and he had regained it!

The bodies of Ross Burleigh and Antonio the Avenger were not found. Aubrey sent several servants into the forest with orders to bury them. The servants discovered the spot marked by Aubrey, but no trace of death remained.

CHAPTER III.

THREADS.

Two years before when Aubrey De Lancy had landed at Pará, his father had greeted him for the first time since his infancy. The meeting between the father and son was to outward eyes not very affectionate. They had simply looked into each other's faces, and shaken hands. Had they been French or Spanish, and not American, the spectators would have been favored with an affecting scene.

Ralph De Lancy was not yet fifty, but in appearance he was at least seventy. Dissipation and remorse for the misspent years of his early life had made him prematurely old. His form was bent and his hair white, but he still retained in his countenance some traces of the manly beauty for which he had been noted in his youth. Aubrey now, was what he had once been. They both possessed the broad, smooth brow, the aquiline nose, and, in the father somewhat dimmed, the dark-blue eyes of their family. But here the likeness between them ended. Aubrey's countenance expressed resolution and firmness, yet withal, manly gentleness, while his father's was painfully weak and uncertain in expression. Some great dread seemed to be constantly hanging over him.

After their first meeting, they had fallen into the position most in accordance with their respective characters. Aubrey had taken the lead in everything. His father leaned upon him with a sense of protection and confidence in his superior strength.

Ralph De Lancy's banking business was not in a very prosperous condition. After wandering aimlessly in many lands, he had seized the opportunity of entering this business in the hope of retrieving the fortune which through his own baseness he had lost. He was far from that end at present. It was now that Aubrey found use for the business training and experience he had acquired in managing his uncle's estate. He went heartily to work on his arrival at Pará, and, although the business, even at its best, was not likely to prove a mine of wealth, he succeeded in reducing its details into something like order, much to Ralph De Lancy's relief, whom it had involved in a chaos of perplexity.

Aubrey De Lancy was not naturally superstitious; but the last words of old Antonio, predicting ruin and death to him, if the Ruby should leave him, rung in his ears, and he could not shake off their influence. Perhaps, too, his residence among the half-civilized Indians, who firmly believe in the powers of charms and talismans, had, unknown to himself, infected his mind. However that might be, since he had received the wonderful stone, it had never left his person, except for the moment that he showed it to his father.

The care-worn, scared look left Ralph De Lancy's face as he gazed on the gem.

"It is our Ruby—the great De Lancy Ruby, Aubrey!" he cried, in astonishment, and Aubrey related how he had obtained it.

A remorseful expression crossed the elder man's countenance. "Ah," he murmured, "if you only knew what that stone has cost me!"

But Aubrey was thinking of something much pleasanter. "I will never part with it," he said, "until I place it, set in a wedding-ring, on Mildred Verne's finger. It will then be in the De Lancy family, all the same." He had attached it to a fine steel chain, and wore it constantly next to his skin. It was in vain that his father represented the imprudence of continually carrying about him a gem of such value, and entreated him to deposit it in the safe of the bank. Aubrey listened respectfully, and that was all. The father's anger rose.

"Think of the worth of the stone, at least," he said, "if you care nothing for your own life."

But Aubrey was obstinate. One morning, about a week after the terrible scene in the forest, he awoke feeling unusually heavy and oppressed. One of his first thoughts was of the Ruby. It was his custom to examine it each morning. He noticed with alarm that several links of the chain were slightly bent; but he concluded that he himself must have accidentally caused this; for the Ruby was safe, burning with as lurid a glow as ever.

* * *

It was about two o'clock, the hottest part of the day in Pará. The whole population seemed to be engaged in taking siestas, for the streets were unoccupied, save by the hot, dazzling sunshine. In a hammock, in the verandah of his father's house, Aubrey reclined, half dozing, half reading, and wholly enjoying the delightful breeze that tempered the heat. In another hammock lay Ralph De Lancy, pretending to sleep, but in reality watching his son with an uneasy, troubled gaze.

Aubrey De Lancy was accounted handsome. That term, however, is too vague to define the quality that distinguished him. His figure in height was somewhat above the ordinary standard, and well proportioned; the extreme breadth of his chest and shoulders counteracted the effect of his unusual tallness, which was never noticed except when in company with other men. During his two years residence in Pará, he had found plenty of opportunities to indulge in his favorite amusements of shooting and fishing, while, at the same time, he improved his knowledge of natural history. Much exposure had browned his complexion. His hair was black, and his eyes were dark-blue, telling of a frank, generous nature. There was no lack of firmness in his face; he looked like a man who could hold his own in open warfare, but who, in combating underhand plotting, would be at a certain disadvantage.

He yawned, threw down his book, and looked at his watch.

"Miguel!" he suddenly called in Portuguese, addressing a person inside the house, "has the steamer arrived from Rio?"

"Yes, senhor," responded a drowsy voice.

"Any letters?"

"One, senhor." And the letter came whizzing through the air, falling into his hammock. He was too well accustomed to the laziness of Indian servants to see anything extraordinary in this rather unceremonious manner of delivering the epistle. He picked it up, and looked at the address.

"When did you receive this, Miguel?"

"Shortly before breakfast, senhor."

"Why didn't you bring it earlier?"

"Because you didn't ask me for it, senhor," returned the drowsy voice gliding into a snore, proclaiming that Miguel had taken the shortest way of ending the discussion by dropping into the arms of Morpheus.

Aubrey examined the letter curiously. It was addressed to his father. Judging from the postmarks, it had followed a long and circuitous route before reaching its destination. He put it on a small table near the side of his father's hammock. Ralph De Lancy was wide awake in an instant.

"News from home!" he announced.

"Good or bad?" asked Aubrey.

"Good and bad. Poor Calvert—poor fellow! Why, he was younger than I by three years. I never thought he'd go first!"

"Is my uncle dead?"

"Yes," he returned, in a low, dreamy tone. "He died in December of last year. This letter must have been nine months on its travels.

"Poor fellow!" Ralph De Lancy continued. "When I parted with him some twenty-four years ago, he was as tall and upright as a grenadier, and his muscles were like wire-ropes. A fine-looking man, Aubrey; you don't see many like him now. I little thought he'd go first!"

"From whom is this letter?"

"From his lawyer."

Aubrey was disappointed. He had hoped that it might have been written by one of his uncle's neighbors. In that case, he would, perhaps, have obtained some information of Mildred Verne. From her, he had received no letter. That little sketch of pansies and forget-me-nots was the only token he had from her. He had written often. In spite of her silence, he trusted her.

"From Bronson, his lawyer," repeated Ralph De Lancy. "By his will, Calvert gives me a life-interest in the estate. On my death it reverts conditionally to you. Bronson doesn't mention the condition. He might have shown more confidence in me—and he need not have feared for your inheritance, Aubrey."

But Ralph De Lancy had forgotten the past—or, at least, a portion of it—or he would not have spoken the last sentence.

"I wouldn't mind going North," said Aubrey, abruptly.

"I don't think you could. I could not wind up the affairs of the bank without your assistance. We'd better give it up—the bank, I mean. I'll go North, and you can follow me as soon as you settle affairs here."

Aubrey reflected a moment.

"Very well," he assented. "I'll stay here. I'll finish matters with all possible dispatch. I'm tired of the country, and nothing but the hope of making money could keep me in it. Now that we've little need of more money, I think we'd better get rid of the business, and go home."

"Home," said the father, half to himself, "I scarcely know the meaning of that word. But Time hasn't taken all the sweetness out of the sound. I wouldn't take a hundred leagues of this land under the Equator—beautiful as it is—for the bleakest acre of Northern ground!"

"Nor I!" responded Aubrey, warmly; but he thought of a certain acre which comprised a smooth lawn, with a graceful, girlish figure standing among the geraniums, as it had stood one autumn morning two years ago.

"The Gloria was to come up from Rio on her way to New York to-day."

"She brought that letter. It was sent to Rio first."

"There's no time to be lost, then. The estate has been without an owner for nine months—quite long enough. The Gloria will not remain here more than a day. I'll see if the captain can accommodate me with a berth. Tell Miguel to pack my trunk."

"Can't you wait a week or two? The bank—"

"Oh, everything is in order there. You can easily clear off all the business in two months, at most. Leaving out the estate, Calvert's property in Philadelphia is extensive, and I must look after it. I'll be back soon. Tell Miguel to take particular care to put in the small iron box on my dressing-table."

Ralph De Lancy was about to pass into the street when Aubrey uttered a sudden exclamation. A woman had just appeared, turning the right hand corner of the verandah. She crossed the narrow street, and looked curiously at the two men as she passed.

"Do you know that woman?" he asked, starting to his feet. "Look, sir! On the other side."

The woman, aware that she was observed, turned down the nearest street.

"She reminds me of somebody I've known. She's governess to Senor Juan de Vastro's daughter, I think. A beauty, people say; but I don't admire black eyes and blonde hair in conjunction."

The receipt of that letter seemed to have raised Ralph De Lancy's spirits. He did not notice his son's agitation. Aubrey looked puzzled as he watched the woman's retreating figure. She was young apparently, and neatly dressed in European fashion.

"That face! Where have I seen it?"

"Young hearts are doubtless very susceptible," said Ralph, with more gayety than his son had ever seen him affect, "but I scarcely thought the sight of a pretty face would throw you off your balance."

Aubrey made a gesture as if the light speech annoyed him.

"That face made me shudder involuntarily. Some terrible experience has become mixed up with it in my mind."

"A fancy. You're morbid—"

"I have it!" interrupted Aubrey. "That woman has the features of the man who killed the Indian Antonio! Those eyes so close together, I could never mistake them!"

"Well," said Ralph, "I suppose there are hundreds of people with the same type of features as that man possessed. By the by, have you the remotest idea who he was?"

"No; but I tell you that woman had his look—his peculiar expression."

"Do you believe in metempsychosis?" the elder De Lancy asked, ironically. "The soul of your murderer may have assumed another form."

Was it possible that Antonio's murderer had not been killed? Could he have assumed female attire for some evil purpose? To the latter of these questions Aubrey's common sense promptly answered, No; for the form of the woman he had just seen was the perfection of lightness and grace. No man could assume that.

Ralph De Lancy took his way toward the quay, to speak to the captain of the Gloria. Lost in thought, Aubrey paced up and down the verandah. About half an hour after his father had gone, a boy brought him a note. It ran—

"The Gloria starts in an hour. Send down my baggage. I have some business on hand now; but will meet you on the quay before she starts. R. De L."

Aubrey sent down the baggage, which Miguel had packed. There was not much of it. Ralph De Lancy always travelled with as little baggage as possible. Once he had done so from necessity, now he did so from choice.

After it had gone, he suddenly thought of the iron box on his father's dressing-table. He had told Miguel, as his father had desired him, not to forget it; but it stood in its usual place.

"Miguel, why did you not put this in as I told you?"

"What, senhor?"

"The iron box."

"I did as senhor told me."

"Why, here it is!"

"I thought I had packed it in with the rest." And this was all the satisfaction Aubrey got. He slipped the small box into his coat pocket, intending to place it in his father's hands on the quay. Before starting in that direction, however, he went to the bank, which was situated in the Rua dos Mercadores. As he entered the small front office, he noticed that it was occupied by a woman. She had just presented a check to the clerk. Aubrey recognized her as the woman who had passed the verandah a short time before.

"I will take the amount in gold or in currency of the United States," she said, in a clear, feminine voice.

Her face was concealed by a dense black veil. When she had gone, Aubrey, urged by a feeling that she was in some way connected with the man he had shot, managed to see the check she had presented. It was for three thousand dollars, drawn in favor of Laura Burleigh by Juan de Vastro. De Vastro was a wealthy Spanish planter, residing near Pará. Aubrey scrutinized the check closely.

"We have cashed checks for this lady before, have we not?"

"She is governess in the de Vastro family," answered the voluble clerk. "A rather large salary she must get. Yes, we cashed a check to her last week, amount—"

"I remember," said Aubrey, slowly, still scrutinizing the signature. "That was all right, but this is a forgery."

The clerk looked at him in consternation. Aubrey seized his hat, and went to the door. The woman was still in sight. He started along the Rua dos Mercadores in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE JAGUAR'S DEN.

The tropical climate of Pará is so favorable to the rapid growth of rank vegetation, that the forest can with difficulty be prevented from encroaching on the streets of the city.

In some places a network of lanes and roads, with here and there a rosinha, or country-house, stretches between the city and the woods, while in others the streets are bounded by the forest itself.

The woman, of whom Aubrey De Lancy was in hot pursuit, made with rapid steps for the forest. The space between her and her pursuer was fast decreasing, when she suddenly disappeared in the dense growth. Aubrey followed with swift bounds. At every turn in the path, he fancied he saw a flutter of drapery, but he was mistaken. The woman was nowhere in sight. Determined not to give up the search, he explored every accessible spot which in his judgment could serve for a hiding-place.

Leaving him for a time, we will follow the woman, Laura Burleigh. Parting a thick curtain of vines that hung from the interlaced boughs of two huge trees, she stepped into a well-worn, narrow, winding path. Twisting and turning through labyrinths which would have bewildered any one unaccustomed to traverse the path, she at length reached a small house, or rather hut, buried and entirely hidden beneath its weight of foliage. She lifted a portion of the tangled mass, and revealed the door. Opening this with a key, which she took from her pocket, she entered. The interior was in semi-gloom. A couple of hammocks, a table, two roughly-made seats, and some broken boxes comprised the contents of the cabin.

The woman went to the aperture that served for a window and pushed aside the clustering sipos. The entering light revealed her form and face. She appeared to be about twenty-five years of age. She was tall and commanding in figure, and yet graceful. When she removed the small hat she wore, a rich mass of golden hair was shaken down upon her neck and shoulders. Her complexion was clear red and white—resembling white satin tinged with the faint pink of an opening rose. In the cheeks and lips the rose tint was deeper. Her eyes were intensely black, and placed so close together as to give her face a sinister expression, but when the eyelids drooped, it would be hard to find a more perfectly faultless face.

She seemed entirely at home in the cabin. From a small recess in the wall she took a flask of wine, and then searched for other provisions. She found nothing.

"He has not been here lately," she said.

She went out, soon returning with bananas and oranges, which grow in abundance around Pará. These she laid on the table and began her repast.

While she was engaged in this way, the door opened, and a man entered. It was Ross Burleigh—a strong, muscular man, about the same age and height as Aubrey De Lancy, somewhat resembling him in figure; and possessing the sinister eyes so remarkable in his otherwise beautiful sister.

His sister acknowledged his entrance by a long, scrutinizing glance.

"You are greatly changed, Ross," she said. "You are paler and thinner than when I last saw you a month ago."

"I've no doubt of that," he answered in a rough, low voice.

She waited for him to continue. He did not seem inclined to do so, but threw himself on one of the hammocks.

"Try this," she said, offering him the flask.

He took a long pull at it, and then raised himself into a sitting posture.

"Well," he said, "any news?"

"One or two scrapes. I am no longer governess to Inez de Vastro. I received my congé from her papa a week ago."

"The deuce!"

"Oh, no, papa de Vastro is not the deuce. He's a rather nice old fool. The fact is, he happened to see me one evening going into your establishment in the Rua dos Mercadores. The next day he asked what I did in a gambling house. Of course, I couldn't tell him that my brother was its keeper, and that I was going to see him on particular business. That wouldn't do. A governess must have none but respectable relations, and so I made up a pathetic little story about a dying man, who had been driven to destruction by my refusal to marry him, having sent for me to console his last moments. The old wretch wouldn't believe it, though I cried a great deal, and almost broke poor Inez's sympathizing heart."

"And so you were sacked?"

"Don't be vulgar. I resigned, finding that the situation did not agree with me."

"I say, Laura, where do you propose to go?"

"To the United States!"

"To the United States!" he repeated, in amazement.

"To the land of the free, my dear brother, to our native land," she answered, composedly, "and I think you had better try another climate, too."

"No; I'll not leave this until I obtain revenge." The demoniac look that for a moment transfigured his face, raised his sister's curiosity to the highest pitch; but she was aware that a direct question would not be the surest way of gratifying it.

"Have you been informed that the authorities have closed the saloon in the Rua dos Mercadores?"

"Impossible!" he cried, starting up.

"By no means. Fools will never be plucked at your little games in that festive hall again. You of course know that you and your confederates are accused of robbing various persons on their way to Pará. Perhaps, this accounts for your seclusion."

"What! Do you mean to say that they've found us out!"

"Exactly. The police are searching for you. I came here to warn you."

"And for no other reason?"

"That is my affair."

"Who set them on the scent?"

"Calistro, one of your Tapuyas."

"The accursed redskin! If he crosses my path, he'll not live to profit by his treachery."

"There's no time to talk of that now. You had better think of your own safety. Get out of the country as quickly as possible."

"I'd not hesitate an instant, if I could bury my knife to its hilt in young De Lancy's heart before going."

"De Lancy!" She started in astonishment.

"You know him?"

"He was extremely eager to join me a few moments ago. Has he injured you?"

"He has foiled me. A ball from his revolver alone prevented me from securing The Sea of Fire. I killed a man—the Tapuya Antonio—for it, but young De Lancy wrested it from me. As I lay stunned upon the ground, I saw Antonio give it to him. Then I became senseless with rage and pain. When I grew conscious, I crawled slowly to the nearest hut. It belonged to a Tapuya of our band. My wound was painful but not serious, and the Indian cured it. I remained with him until to-day."

"Aubrey De Lancy possesses the Ruby, then."

"Curse him!—yes."

"He is fortunate," said Laura Burleigh. "Not an hour ago I heard—by simply standing unobserved in the De Lancy verandah—that old De Lancy has come into a large property in Pennsylvania. They are going to close the bank, and start for the North."

There was a pause.

"Well, I am determined never to lose sight of the Ruby," said Ross Burleigh, "and as it's getting too hot here, we had better locate up North somewhere near the De Lancys."

"Agreed. Our maternal relative will be delighted to see us."

"Doubtful, if we don't take with us the Ruby."

"We're not safe here, Ross. Aubrey De Lancy has on my track. As I had concluded to leave Pará, I felt that I could not go without first securing a souvenir of my sojourn here. I presented a check at the De Lancy Bank, and drew three thousand dollars."

"Who signed it?"

"I signed it for my employer, Senor de Vastro."

Ross Burleigh eyed her with unqualified admiration.

"By Jove, Laura!" he exclaimed. "You're a wonderful woman! That was a haul. We'll have a tight little sum to begin operations with in Uncle Sam's territory."

"We," repeated the woman, with an ironical smile.

"Look here, Laura, don't put on airs now. I've some cash of my own. When shall we start?"

"As soon as possible. The Gloria sails to-day, and we'll have to wait for the next steamer. Do you know of a more secure hiding place than this?"

Ross Burleigh reflected a moment.

"Yes," he answered. "There are one or two snug places on the Island of Marajans. We can wait there as long as we choose."

"Inez de Vastro is to meet me on the edge of the forest at sunset. I told her that I intended to leave Pará. Poor little fool! She thinks her father's treatment of me very cruel. She'll bring her jewels and presents to poor, persecuted me, and we may as well wait for them, Ross."

"By all means. I intend to marry that girl, Laura."

"Who? Inez de Vastro?"

"Inez de Vastro. I've thought about it some time."

"You shall not!" said Laura, arising, and angrily pacing up and down the cabin. "You shall not! I'll not let her fall into your clutches. I've a kind of tenderness for the innocent little thing."

"So have I," responded her brother, coolly. "Be reasonable, Laura. I'll marry her, and she can be used as a means of squeezing money out of old De Vastro, if other things fail."

"How do you intend to manage it?"

"Oh, that's easy enough. You'll walk into the forest with her. I'll have four Tapuyas here as a guard to make all sure. As soon as you come in sight, two of us will rush forward, and secure her. There will be no difficulty in getting her into the canoe."

"You'll not ill-treat her?"

"I like her too well for that. You can take care of her yourself until we reach New York. It wouldn't be safe to have the marriage solemnized here."

"Make your arrangements. I'll do my part."

Laura Burleigh sighed. Was it possible that there were yet some grains of goodness among the luxuriant tares of her distorted and depraved nature?

Her brother left the cabin. She went to the recess in the wall, and took from it a long black cloak with a hood attached. She wrapped the mantle around her, and arranged the hood so as completely to conceal her face.

"I defy Aubrey De Lancy or anybody else to recognize me in this guise," she said to herself, as she started in the direction of Pará.

On the edge of the forest, near a stone cross wreathed with parasitic plants, Inez de Vastro was waiting for her late governess. She had sat down in a natural bower formed of the huge limbs of a fallen tree, woven into an arch by climbing bignonias and passion-flowers.

Inez looked eagerly toward the depth of the forest, her lips parted in expectancy, just showing the pearly teeth within. The light of sunset fell around her, intensifying the rich carmine in her cheeks and the glow in her large dark eyes. A mantilla of lace covered her hair, and under the ruffle of her dress of the same material peeped the prettiest little feet in the world.

The perfume from an orange-tree mingled with that of the exquisite passion-flowers around her; but in her impatience she did not heed the wafted sweetness.

"Why does she not come? Dear, sweet, kind Laura?" she thought. "Oh, how could papa be so cruel—so hard-hearted? If my mother were alive, all would be so different, and this would not have happened. She would know how to manage him. Mothers always do. Daughters have their way in small things, but in large ones fathers are as—as iron."

Inez stamped her small foot, and fluttered her fan impatiently. A smile shone on her lips and in her eyes. She ran into the arms of Laura Burleigh.

"Laura—my own Laura, I have kept my promise!"

"And I have kept mine."

"But you are late, Laura."

"You are mistaken, my dear. Your impatience has caused you to think so."

"But see what I have brought you!" And Inez drew from the folds of her mantilla a velvet-covered casket, and thrust it into her companion's hand. "Take it and keep it. It holds my diamond ear-rings and the bracelets you used to admire so greatly."

"Inez, I feel that I ought not to accept—"

"But they are mine—left me by my mother. They are not my father's. Keep them for my sake."

"I will, then, but only as a remembrance of you, Inez," said Laura in a low, sobbing voice. "Never—never will I part with them!" All this time she was calculating their probable worth.

"But if you should ever become very poor," said Inez earnestly, "do not hesitate to part with them—for my sake, dear Laura, for my sake!"

"Then and only then," sobbed Laura.

Arm and arm, conversing as they went, the two wandered farther into the forest. The heart of one full of girlish grief at parting with a friend; the heart of the other full of hypocrisy and treachery of the darkest dye.

"It is growing late," said Inez, noticing the creeping shadows. "I must return."

Laura held her tightly by the arm, and uttered a sharp scream. It was a signal. Ross Burleigh and an Indian sprang from a clump of shrubbery. Between them they seized Inez, and bore her toward the river.

"Help! Laura, help!" she cried.

But Laura gave no help.

"Aid me! Save me!" she cried, half-mad with terror. "Laura, help!"

Help came, but not from Laura. Right in the path stood Aubrey De Lancy. In an instant, Ross Burleigh fell senseless beneath a sturdy blow from the butt of his rifle. Aubrey tore Inez from the grasp of the amazed Indian, and half carrying, half-dragging the rescued girl, dashed into the thick undergrowth.

"After him, Juan, Vincento—after him—all of you!" cried Laura, bending over her prostrate brother, and calling to the other Tapuyas.

They obeyed her; and Aubrey soon heard their tramp upon the path behind him. Tangled roots and vines impeded his progress. Inez was now insensible, and her weight, though light, prevented him from running as swiftly as his light-footed pursuers. The look of his gun caught in the underbrush. He was compelled to abandon it.

The pursuing steps came nearer—nearer. Whither should he turn? In despair he rushed into a seemingly impenetrable mass of climbing vegetation, and found himself in a cave formed by an overhanging rock. He laid down his helpless burden, and looked around him. He was startled by a growl coming from the far end of the cave. There was a sound among the dried leaves as of the movement of some wild animal. Glaring through the darkness were two lurid balls of fire. Again the growl sounded. Aubrey knew the sound well.

He had ventured, unarmed, into the den of a jaguar, the tiger of Brazil!

(To be continued in our next.)

The Railroad War.

A recent article upon the subject of the so-called Railroad War between the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads, seems by its calm statement of facts to show conclusively that the difficulty has originated in the grasping selfishness of the Baltimore and Ohio Company.

Perhaps it is but natural to Railroad Companies to wish to monopolize whenever they can—but surely the capital city of the country is not to be shut off from general reach by vexatious regulations and corporate selfishness.

We think that the true interests of all our great Railway Companies ultimately will be found to consist in the adoption of liberal and generous policy toward each other and the public. They should recollect that Railroad Companies exist mainly for the benefit of the community; and that when an attempt is made to pervert them to mere instruments of private gain, they are false to the great object of their be—

"I don't remember ever having seen you before," as the lawyer said to his conscience.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Alfred Ernest, the Duke of Edinboro, who was married at St. Petersburg recently to the Princess Marie, of Russia, is the third child and second son of Queen Victoria, and was born on the 6th of August, 1844. He entered the Navy and has risen to high rank. It is said he fell in love with the Grand Duchess Marie when she was a rather precocious but very sweet-faced girl of fourteen, and that the marriage is a love match. The Grand Duchess speaks English fluently, and will bring her husband a dowry of 1,000,000 roubles down, and £20,000 a year, which will make the Duke one of the richest uncrowned princes in Europe. The Duke is heir to his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and will one day rule over that small but snug Principality. The Grand Duchess is nineteen years old. Without pretensions to prettiness, we are told that she is *simpatica*, which implies expression and sweetness of disposition.

The wedding took place in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, in the presence of a vast assemblage of guests. The bride was splendidly apparelled in a long crimson velvet mantle, trimmed with ermine, and wore a diamond coronet. Her train was borne by four pages. Then followed an immense procession, comprising the Imperial family—Princes, Princesses and court officials.

The happy pair were twice married, first with the Greek service, during which crowns were held suspended over their heads. The Imperial Confessor then said: "Thou servant of God, Alfred Ernest Edward, art crowned for this hand-maiden of God, Maria Alexandrovna, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Passages of the New Testament were then read, including the marriage at Cana of Galilee. Then the crowns were removed and the married couple walked thrice around the raised dais holding to the tip of the Confessor's robe with one hand and a candle in the other. At the conclusion of this ceremony the sacramental cup was brought forward, blessed and partaken of by the bridal pair, the confessor presenting the cross which they both kissed. The Deacon gave an eloquent admonition on the marriage duties. Afterward the chant was sung by the choir, "Glory to thee, oh God!" concluding with the benediction. Thus ended the Greek service.

The party then proceeded to the Hall of Alexander where the Anglican service was performed, Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, officiating. When the crowd dispersed there was a frightful rush on the stairways. There was a wonderful mass of color and decorations composed of uniforms, turbans, Asiatic flowing robes from Bokhara and Samarkand, Big Cuirassier Guards with silver helmets surmounted by golden eagles, and Chamberlains and Equerries. Much attention was paid by the Russian dignitaries to Governor Jewell and family, who are extremely popular. Criticism was made on the appearance of the bridegroom. His reserved and solemn manner created an unfavorable impression. The Prince and Princess of Wales's affability was cheered on their coming on the street.

The police were engaged in driving back the crowd, and the Cossack horsemen charged to and fro clearing the way for distinguished personages. The magnificent St. Petersburg church bell was pealed during the day, and salvos of artillery of 101 guns were fired in conclusion of the Greek service, all forming an extraordinary combination of ceremony, wealth, pomp and splendor.

A Curious Old Memorandum.

We have supposed that no record of our Saviour's life older than the New Testament was known to exist; but it seems that a venerable journal is carefully preserved in Nablous (ancient Samaria) in which the following item appears in the handwriting of one of the Samaritan high priests:

"In the year from Adam 4281, in the nineteenth year of my pontificate, Jesus, the Son of Mary, was crucified at Jerusalem."

This curious and interesting record was shown by the present high priest, who keeps it among the archives of his church, to Dr. El Kary, a Protestant missionary of Jewish descent and a native of Nablous. The doctor learned that the old journals of the priests of the Samaritan synagogue are still in existence, dating back to fifty or sixty years before Christ was born. It was the custom, he says, of all the high priests to set down in their books any notable events that happened during their term of office. He also learned that the tenth Samaritan high priest was named Shaboth, who lived in the days of our Saviour, and it was this Shaboth who wrote the record quoted above.

It will be remembered that Jesus visited Samaria in the early part of his ministry, where He first talked with the woman at Jacob's well, and afterward stayed two days in the city, where He attracted public attention to His preaching, and won many followers. During those days Shaboth may have become personally acquainted with Him, and, though far from being His disciple, he would naturally follow Jesus's after-history and movements with considerable interest.

We gather the above account from the letter of an old Eastern correspondent to the Advance (Chicago) who spent some time in Nablous and received the statements from Dr. El Kary.

Little Things.

The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following morceau by B. F. Taylor:

Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cosy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Everybody calls that little that they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect little bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what was she but little?

Multum in Parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember the longest.

Maud Carrington's "Mistake."

BY MISS S. PORTMAN.

I was engaged to George Needham on my seventeenth birthday. We had known each other from childhood; he had alternately petted and patronized me in our younger days, but now it was my turn to tyrannize over him, which I never failed to do, though he was my senior by five years. I felt a natural superiority over him; he was so awkward, and "big," and good-natured, and not the least like any of my favorite heroes, and in my secret heart I sometimes thought I was too good for him, and ought to be united to a more intellectual being; however, on the whole we got on very well together. Mamma was very fond of him; she had planned our engagement in her own mind ever since we were children, and its accomplishment was a great happiness to her. My father's death, which had occurred some years previously, had left us in rather straitened circumstances. Though rector of the parish of Dinely, the living was a small one, and he had been able to make but a slender provision for his widow and child. We therefore occupied a small and pretty cottage, which adjoined the "Great House," as George's place was called. He was our young squire, our landlord, our benefactor, mamma often said.

Our wedding-day was fixed; an early day in February was agreed upon, and I was rather elated with my position of bride elect, and slightly presumed upon it I am afraid (at least I think so now,) in my manner and bearing to the county at large, or to the few visitors we had.

Mrs. Chichester, George's favorite married sister, wrote a very kind note asking us to spend Christmas at "The Abbey," a beautiful old place in Yorkshire. It required no small amount of persuasion to induce my mother to accept the invitation. At first she insisted on declining it, until overruled by me. I was all eagerness for the visit, and I expected to be made much of, as George told me I was sure to be. "The Abbey," he said, "would be full of guests, plenty of dancing and that sort of thing," and he would not go without us.

So an affirmative answer was sent to Mrs. Chichester, and the interval was passed by me in a state of pleasurable excitement, preparing for my debut as I called it. Hitherto my life had been a very secluded one, and I had seen little or nothing of society.

The Christmas week came at length, and, with George to take care of us, we started for Boscawen Abbey, which we reached after a wearisome railway journey of over five hours.

I remember how tired and cold we were, when ushered into the library in the dusk of the evening; a large and merry party, as it seemed to me, were all talking and laughing at once; then a sudden silence followed our entrance, broken by George's hearty greeting of his sister. Then turning to me he exclaimed in exuberant spirits—

"I have brought you my Maud, you see, Emma; she is half-frozen; I couldn't keep her warm anyhow."

The gentlemen made way for me to approach near the blazing fire, smiling as they did so at George's concluding remark. Mrs. Chichester kissed me affectionately, expressed her great pleasure at seeing us, and was soon chatting confidentially with mamma.

As I felt rather shy and undecided what to do with myself among so many strangers, not liking to remain by George, and yet not knowing how to get away from him, I was relieved from my embarrassment by some one saying in a low, persuasive tone at my elbow—

"May I offer you some tea, Miss Carrington; won't you sit down here?"

Unconsciously I complied, and taking the seat offered me, ventured to look at my interlocutor, who was standing by me. He was a slight, delicately-built man, rather below the middle height, with handsome high-bred face, and particularly dark, piercing eyes, that were at this moment fixed inquiringly on my face, as if anxious to set me at my ease, while caressing his mustache with the whitest hand I had ever seen, and small enough for a woman's; mine felt quite red and large beside his—as I received my teacup from him; and I wondered if he thought so too. As I sipped my tea in silence, he said, sinking into a low chair beside me—

"I hope you are not very tired; travelling is so boring. I suppose you know every one here."

He spoke in the lowest and slowest of tones; he seemed to belong to a different sphere to the one I was accustomed to move in. What refinement of voice and manner; it impressed me immensely.

I was obliged to confess reluctantly that I knew no one except Mr. Needham.

"Ah! Mr. Needham," he said; "he is a nice, good-natured young man, I am told. He looks rather overpowering though; is he?" he added, raising his eyebrows ever so slightly.

I shrank involuntarily from his questioning glance, as George's loud, merry laugh rang out from the other end of the room, where he was surrounded by a little group of young men.

The dressing-gong sounded opportunely just then, putting an end to my tête-à-tête with my new friend, Captain St. John Carr.

The days that followed our arrival were the most delightful I had ever spent. Captain Carr from the very first devoted himself to me in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, though when alone for a few minutes, which often happened, there was a marked change in his demeanor; he seemed to restrain himself with difficulty and to utter only guarded words. I knew what it all meant, or thought I did; he respected the barrier between us my own hand had raised. I grew more and more dissatisfied with myself and with George. I compared him—oh, how unfavorably!—with Captain Carr. I began to detest the tie that bound me to him. He had taken advantage of my youth and inexperience, as Captain Carr almost said one day when carried away by excess of feeling.

I was barely civil to my lover now; everything he said or did grated inexpressibly upon me. On one occasion he noticed my coldness.

"Have I offended you, Maud?" he asked, taking my hand and attempting to draw me toward him. "What is it, dear? You are not the least like your old self."

"Yes I am," I answered, quickly. "but please let go my hand!"

He obeyed without a word, and, looking vexed, left the room.

I felt remorseful for the part I was acting, but what was I to do? How tell him I had never really loved him? It was best to wait, and let chance arrange it all. I was longer over my toilette on Christmas Eve than I had ever been in my life. A ball was to be given at "The Abbey." My heart and head were full of St. John Carr. He had that afternoon given me the flowers I was so carefully arranging in my hair, with a whispered wish that I would wear them to-night for his sake. Would he think I looked nice? I hoped he would.

As I descended to the drawing-room I encountered him on the staircase.

"I was waiting for you," he said, softly, taking my hand in both of his. "How beautiful you are, Maud; or rather how beautiful you will be in a year or two! Your forte is certainly 'color.' How well those flowers harmonize with your dark hair. I am afraid your bright eyes will do mischief to-night in more than one quarter. Will you try and spare me one dance among your many engagements?"

"One dance!" I said, disappointed that he did not ask for more.

"Yes, one," he answered, "Do you grudge me that much happiness? Does George Needham only allow you to dance with himself?"

"Allow me," I retorted, angrily; "you shall see." And quitting him abruptly, I joined my mother in the ball-room, and suffered my card to be filled with engagements.

I had plenty of adulation on this evening. My position as George Needham's "bride elect" secured it me, mamma told me, rather than my own attractions. I took a widely different view unconnected with George, and St. John's admiring looks served to strengthen it. My longed-for value with him came at last; he danced as he did everything else—more than well. As we were resting, he suddenly said:

"I am going away to-morrow, Maud," (he had often called me by my name, at first half in jest.) "I find I can't stay any longer; it's best for both of us. If you were free," he added tenderly, "perhaps you would not send me away. Would you," he asked pleadingly, "if I had only met you last year? Lucky Needham!" he added, under his breath. "Is he worthy of such a treasure?"

I was deeply touched by the consideration and delicate tenderness he showed in refraining from pressing his suit while my hand was not mine to bestow.

"I shall never be Mr. Needham's wife!" I said, excitedly. "You know it's impossible now, whatever it may have been."

"I wish I dared believe you," he said; "but you are only trying me. It serves me right for forgetting myself. Forgive me, and say good-bye to me 'kindly.' I shall be off to-morrow by the first train. Good-bye, Maud!" And without waiting for me to answer him, he abruptly left me.

My mind was made up now how to act. I would speak to George on the morrow, and he was so generous he would release me, and St. John then could claim me openly.

I carried out my resolution on the Christmas morning, immediately after breakfast. George heard me very patiently, very quietly. When I had said all I had to say, it was not much, only that I had mistaken the friendship I felt for him for a warmer sentiment, and begged him to release me.

"It shall be as you wish, dear Maud," he said, very sadly; "your happiness is far dearer to me than my own. If you could have loved me—I know I am not worthy of you—but still I would have tried so hard to make you happy; as it is I will not distress you. Don't cry, Maud," he continued, as my tears fell fast. I felt so sorry for him; he appeared so noble, so unselfish. I never liked him so well as at that moment. "I will write to your mother from town," he added, "and explain things to her; it will make it easier for you. I feel I am not good enough for you. I ought never to have asked for your love."

This painful interview was put an end to by the entrance of Mrs. Chichester, and I escaped to my room sick at heart, and anxious for the future. * * *

Our return home was a melancholy one. The months that succeeded each other brought no tidings of St. John Carr. I had written to tell him of my broken engagement, but had no word or message from him. I did not know what George Needham had said to mamma; anyhow, she never reproached me by word, only by sad and anxious looks, which were hard enough to bear.

Mr. Needham had gone abroad for an indefinite time, and we had again settled down in our old quiet life.

Mrs. Chichester was still very friendly toward me, and by mamma's wish, I accepted her oft-repeated invitation to spend a fortnight with her in town.

One evening I had gone with her to a ball at Lady Dynevor's; all London was there, and among others St. John Carr. My heart throbbed to suffocation at seeing him again: all would be explained now after this weary waiting. The time lagged wearily on, but still he never approached or noticed me. I had passed him twice; he could not but have seen me. A faint, miserable heart-sickness was creeping over me; I could have cried out in my agony. I pressed my head on my heavy, burning eyelids for one moment; when I looked up St. John was beside me.

"Rather warm, isn't it, Miss Carrington," he said lazily. "How do you like London? Is your bucolic friend here? I don't see him. Indeed, I hardly recognized you—one forgets faces so, doesn't one?"

So this was our meeting; this was all he had to say after a parting such as ours. Indignation gave me strength to answer him.

"I don't understand you, Captain Carr," I said; and then catching at a forlorn hope, that perhaps after all he had not received my letter, I continued, "Mr. Needham went away six months ago; I have not seen him since that Christmas morning after the ball."

"What Christmas morning?" he inquired, with an air of bewilderment; "I have seen so many. You wouldn't think so, would you? And 'the ball,' fancy being able to say 'the ball!' I wish I could; it's all indefinite with me."

"I can quite believe you," I said, flashing angrily upon him. "How cowardly you are, Captain Carr. I know you thoroughly now, and value you accordingly."

"You are very good, Miss Carrington," he said slowly, "to value me at all, and a man in love is proverbially a coward; but I did a bold thing the other day. I really asked a woman to marry me. That wasn't cowardly, was it?"

He had the best of it; I was dumb. I could not fight with his weapons. I had nothing more to hope or fear from St. John Carr. * * * *

Three Christmas mornings had passed since George Needham and I had said the words that parted us, and he was once more at home again. He had changed so much in those years, I thought; surely I had never done him justice till now, when it was too late. He was the kindest, dearest, and best of friends, but nothing more; always courteous and kind, never tender as in the old days. So the months passed on, and it was Christmas again.

I was early in the breakfast-room that morning I remember, decorating the table with holly, when I heard a well-known step in the little hall, George's step; I had learned to love it now; what could bring him to our cottage so soon. I was not long left in doubt.

He entered the little room, bringing sunshine with him. He came quickly to my side.

"Maud, my darling," he murmured softly, "I've come to ask you once again, if you will be my dear wife; will you trust your happiness to my keeping, or will you send me away as you did once before, Maud," he asked, tenderly.

* * * * *

I did not send him away. The Christmas bells rang out a merry peal, telling of peace and good-will to men, in unison with my new found happiness.

You say I hardly deserved to recover him for my folly. I did not. But you see, he loves me, unworthy as I am—and I trust I shall be able in the future to be all the more loving and better wife to him, just because of that foolish weakness. Perhaps, for this reason, a kind Providence allowed me to stumble.

NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL VIEW.

BY DE BODICHON.

[This translation is written and published by the author's sanction, and is extracted from a large work called "de l'Humanité." It was written more than twenty years ago, and the types were set in Algiers, but were broken up by the police of the Second Empire.]

Napoleon was neither dark nor fair. He had dark-chestnut hair, eyes gray, complexion of a pale brown without any red in it, and a smooth skin. The brain was large; the skull belonged to the largest development ever known. His circulation was slow, the pulse counting forty beats a minute; he perspired little and was insensible alike to heat and cold, hunger and thirst; his chest was prominent, and his limbs well-proportioned; his height was five feet two inches. Of a lymphatic temperament, he could support alike excess of physical and intellectual exertion. It was a constitution of granite Warm baths, coffee, and strong wines restored his circulation. His intellect was vast and many-sided, applying itself to details and generalizations; made up of prodigious memory, that rapidly took account of place, number and cause, and the bearings of things, a genius, in fine, eminently practical and positive. Dissimulation, an extraordinary power of generalization, and a sluggish temperament, make up this wonderful man: these qualities are the sources of his greatness.

He was a fatalist. Events are brought about by a power superior to human will, he said. There is neither good nor bad in the world. The morality of an action is to be judged by its expediency. Religions are human institutions, serving as a sort of vaccine to protect us against lower superstitions, to be defended, not in the interests of society, but in the interests of the priests.

Such was his creed, and he naturally hated those who possessed a higher one. Consul, emperor, prisoner, and exile, he hated philosophy and philosophers from first to last, and accused them of the misfortunes he had himself brought upon France—the failure of the Russian expedition, the sore discontent of the nation, and so on. "They believe neither in myself nor in my priests," he said, these metaphysicians, speaking of B. Constant, L. Chenier, Guignene, and others, who showed hostility to the Concordat, "and are good for nothing but to be thrown into a pond. Je les ai comme une vermine sur mes habits." It was natural that being, as he eminently was, a mystifier of the people, dazzling them with charlatanry and words, he should hate and fear the spirit of inquiry and independence. Thus Tacitus was a mere writer of romance, Gibbon a brawler, because these two writers exposed the crimes of the Roman Emperors. Voltaire, Rousseau, Necker, de Staël, J. B. Say, Gall, Montlosier, Reynouard, Lemercier, were equally hateful to him; as were all writers, ancient and modern, who dared to think for themselves. For the exaltation of Cæsarism, he wanted the Roman history to be written over again, and maintained a host of litterateurs for that purpose; Barere, Madame de Genlis, Fiorec, Montgaillard, Foulanes, Lacepedes, &c. Authors who ventured upon criticism were either exiled or thrown into prison. Foreign books and journals were prohibited, and quite logically. Free thought treads down the structure of falsehood and mystification called Bonapartism.

By the multitude in France Napoleon was long considered the defender of the principles of 1789, and he used to say at St. Helena that he had imbued foreign nations with the revolutionary spirit, but after the 18th Brumaire his cause was entirely personal. What, indeed, are revolutionary principles? They are liberty, equality, sovereignty of the people, republican institutions, a nation governing itself, a free church, religious toleration, international feeling, the democracy protected against the aristocracy, the people protected against the ruler. Let us consider the cause of Bonaparte. As soon as he seized the reins of power he confiscated journals, destroyed republican institutions after every victory, created a legislative body that was a mere puppet in his hands, turned the assembly into a machine, the army into a body of irresponsible functionaries; he established a state religion, restored a kind of feudalism, created entailed estates and titles of nobility, which were distributed to renegades of the revolution, like himself; the people were deprived of all right of judgment upon public affairs, the sovereign was placed above the nation; a legion of parasites was there, public education was constructed solely with a view to forwarding the Napoleonic idea, taxation that weighed down the rich was abolished and that affecting the poor was restored.

He spoke of the divine right that Providence had accorded to him, and became, in fact, an Oriental, delighting in pompous titles—laoqueys were glorified under the names of princes, marshals of the empire, chamberlains—most of them being adventurers without any religious or political opinions. The re-establishment of a court has been a scourge to France, a court with us Frenchmen is the ruin of morals. Before the 18th Brumaire France was surrounded by republics—Batavian, Helvetian, Roman, Cisalpine, Ligurian. All were destroyed by him. After his marriage with Marie Louise, he was heard to talk more than once of "mon oncle, Louis the Sixteenth." Napoleon, by persuading the French nation that he was the bulwark of the revolutionary ideas of 1789, shows an aptitude for mystification, outdoing in this respect all the miracle workers that ever lived. He drove France for sixteen years as a shepherd his sheep, and the moral standard of the nation sunk by many degrees. Servile manners, the destruction of independent character, the prestige of a spurious glory, the desire of places and decorations, the immorality, the military coarseness, the international hate engendered thereby, still brand France with the mark of moral inferiority. She possessed during that epoch but one heroic quality—that of courage on the battle-field. "Detroy," he said to his soldiers; "tuez et allez vous faire tuer; l'Empereur vous regarde." To the magistrates he said, "Judge and condemn that innocent person; l'Empereur vous regarde." To the priests, "Priez pour l'Empereur." To the idle, "Songez a l'Empereur." To the industrious, "Travaillez pour l'Empereur." Every Frenchman belonged more absolutely to the Emperor than a dog to his master, because the subjection of the Frenchman was voluntary. The words "the Emperor is satisfied," produced new acts of devotion. Nothing like it was ever seen in a civilized society. In sacrificing 2,500 000 Frenchmen, the flower of the nation, he left the continuation of the race to the feeble, the deformed and the unhealthy, and naturally it followed that the physical condition of the French subjects from 1804 to 1816 was below that of any previous or following epoch. A nation is regenerated by liberality, morality, peace, labor, economy, free thought, and Napoleon was the enemy of all these.

He loved noise, movement, martial life, drums, trumpets, and the destruction of life upon a large scale. Though circumspect in no small degree, he revealed this in one of his despatches: "Sur une espace de lieu carres, 9 000 a 10,000 cadavres, et 4 000 a 5,000 chevaux tues; tout cela avait plus de relief sur un fonds de neige." The East was the land of his dreams. There life is nothing, there to use his own language, "on peut travailler au grand."

Egotism, jealousy, acquisitiveness, a passion for mystifying others, falsehood, were strongly marked characteristics. He was also a reviler, he insulted all whom he hated or feared. Thus this old friend of Robespierre, this whilom Jacobin and terrorist, designated the sincere republicans as "chiens enragés" and brigands; he called the King of Prussia the most complete fool of all the kings on earth, Pitt an enemy of the human race, the Spanish Bourbons a troop of sheep, Broglie, Bishop of Ghent, a reptile, the emigrants who were faithful to the monarchy and the priests who disapproved of the Concordat, "scum of the earth." He calumniated the Duc d'Enghien by pretending that he had proffered him his services; he accused Grouchy of the defeat of Waterloo, Bernadotte of not having come to his aid on the field of Eylau. He showed himself a true Corsican to the last. It was a boast of his that he had never committed any crimes privately. This was a lie. His Corsican enemies, Areno and Cerrachi, fell into a trap of his setting and lost their lives. Pichegru was strangled by his order, several former Jacobins were summoned before a council of war, and by his private command condemned to death. The assassination of the Duc d'Enghien made a noise in the world because he was a Bourbon. History will some day relate many analogous cases hitherto left in obscurity. Nero and Torquemada destroyed fewer lives throughout their entire career than did Bonaparte during a single month of his reign. I believe that from 1804 to 1815 his victims, (including Frenchmen and others,) numbered not less than six millions of men. It would be important to know how many deserters were shot. Each principal town of the several departments had its "place aux fusillades," and many towns of the second rank also. Probably several thousands of French subjects were shot before councils of war for mere desertion.

France never had such an enemy. If she perishes it will be by the application of the Napoleonic idea, that is to say by falsehood, audacity, despotism, cunning, hypocrisy, war, luxury, corruption. The eulogists of this man have been visionaries, unscrupulous worshippers of brute force, soldiers, priests, the ignorant and servile, in fine, all who venerate the devil more than God, and who are incapable of resigning themselves for the good of humanity to the inconveniences of entire liberty. He has been popular in France because the French are imaginative, and have believed hitherto that their Emperor defended France and the republic against all Europe. Writers and artists have encouraged this notion. In exalting and posing the Emperor they have sold their works and attained a success. Next to the history of religion, the history of war has the most attractions for the popular mind, and the apologists of Napoleon have followed the example of religious writers and artists, who repeat the lives of saints and martyrs in poetry, painting and sculpture.

To sum up the characteristics of Napoleon, he possessed one of the vastest intellects ever known, owing such superiority to his utter insensibility to impressions, his sluggish temperament, his wonderful faculty of combination and reasoning; war was to him a pastime, politics a personal affair only; he possessed neither religious, political or moral beliefs; he held the human race in profound contempt, and was the greatest egotist ever known. A man of prodigious aptitude for mystification and knavery, and for administrative power; an intellectual giant who caused the retrogression of France and of all Europe, and who possessed one of the worst hearts that the history of the human race has disclosed. All lovers of progress should make a pilgrimage to Waterloo once in their lives, not to exult over the destruction of a French army, but to contemplate the spot where this great enemy of the human race fell a victim to his own excesses.—*Temple Bar.*

Plagiarism.

The Oswego Times has a good story to tell in connection with the literary piracy in which the students in our colleges and academies indulge. The late D. P. Page, first principal of the Albany State Normal School, remarks to the following purport: He said that a few years previous, while traveling in Massachusetts, his wife, at a hotel, found an article in a magazine, which impressed her so favorably that she copied it into her scrap-book. He read it at the time, and had not thought of it since until the evening before, when the same article had been handed to him by one of the students for "correction," as an original composition. He sincerely regretted that among young gentlemen and ladies, aspiring to the honorable position of teachers, even one should be found who would do so dishonorable a thing as to try to pass off as his or her own the productions of another, and his first impulse was to expose the fraud in open school. But he presumed it was the first thing of the kind that had occurred in that institution, and as there might be extenuating circumstances, he had concluded to forgive the offender, provided that individual should call at his room within three days, confess the fault, and promise not to repeat it. In this statement Mr. Page gave no intimation as to the character of the "piece," or the personality of the offender, and before the expiration of the three days more than two-thirds of the students had called upon him, acknowledged the offence and apologized, "and," said he, while relating the circumstances, "the right one did not come at all." The story needs no comments, and embodies its own conclusions.

Health Rules by John Wesley.

1. A pure air is very important.
2. Tender people should have those who lie with them, or are much about them, sound, sweet and healthy.
3. Every one ambitious of good health should be as clean as possible in their houses, furniture and clothes.
4. The great rule in food is to suit the quality and quantity to our digestion.
5. All pickled, smoked, salted, and high-seasoned food is unwholesome.
6. Nothing condnces more to health than abstinence and plain food, with due labor.
7. For studious persons, about eight ounces of animal and twelve of vegetable food in twenty-four hours is sufficient.
8. Water is the most wholesome of all drinks, most quickens the appetite and strengthens the digestion.
9. Strong, and more especially spiritnous liquors are a certain though slow poison. Experience shows there is no manner of danger in discontinuing them at once.
10. Coffee and tea are extremely injurious to persons with weak nerves.
11. Tender persons should eat only a very light supper, and that full two or three hours before going to bed.
12. Such persons ought to retire to bed invariably by nine o'clock, and rise from four to five in the morning.
13. Walking is the best exercise for those who are able to bear it and riding is the best for those who are not able to bear walking.
14. We may strengthen any weak part of the body by constant exercise. Thus the lungs may be strengthened by loud speaking or by walking up an ascent, the digestion and nerves by riding, the arms and hands by strongly rubbing them daily.
15. The studious ought to have stated times for exercise, at least two or three hours a day, one-half before dinner, the other before going to bed.
16. Those who read or write much should learn to do it standing, otherwise it will impair their health.
17. The fewer clothes any one uses by day or night, (provided he is kept warm,) the hardier he will be.
18. Exercise should never be taken on a full stomach, it should never be continued to exhaustion, and when we are done, we should be careful not to cool off too suddenly.
19. The flesh-brush is highly beneficial, especially in stimulating a part which is cold and inactive.
20. Cold bathing is of great advantage to health. It prevents many diseases, promotes perspiration, accelerates the circulation of the blood, and secures against colds.
21. All violent and sudden passions dispose people to acute diseases. Slow and lasting passions, such as grief and hopeless love, bring on chronic diseases.
22. The love of God, as in general it is the sovereign remedy for all miseries, so in particular it prevents bodily disorders. And by the unspeakable joy and perfect calm, serenity, and tranquility it gives to the mind, it becomes most powerful of all the means of health and long life.—*London, June 11, 1747.*

Irrigation in the Territories.

There is a profound ignorance on this subject of water supply, and a much greater ignorance on the vast amount of water falling in rain, or at least so far as a realization of it is concerned. We are apt to think that the Mississippi, Ohio, St. Lawrence, Connecticut, and other rivers of our country, would do terrible things if they could be poured over the whole country; but, in comparison with the rain that falls, they would do little more than lay the dust. If there were no rainfall in the State of New Jersey, the whole of the Mississippi would be required to water it; and eight such rivers would be required to water the State of Illinois. The rainfall of the six New England States is equal to ten such rivers as the Mississippi pouring into them night and day, the year round; for this rainfall every year is, say forty-eight inches, and if it were to descend at one time, the whole country would be covered with water four feet deep. It must be seen, then, that it is not possible to irrigate, under the most favorable circumstances, more than a small fraction of the earth's surface; and that when irrigation is recommended to western farmers, the best they will be able to do will be to wet a few acres of meadow and some garden patches. To irrigate grain fields will be entirely out of the question. Much has been said about Artesian wells, as though they could furnish an inexhaustible supply; but 1,000 Artesian wells, which cost from $5,000 to $10,000 each, and each sending out a stream six inches in diameter, would water no more than 30,000 acres. More than this, it is certain that Artesian wells gradually become exhausted and sometimes cease to flow, and the truth seems to be that all water supplies except of rainfall, are far more limited than hitherto supposed. The conclusion, then, is, that the vast plains must always remain uninhabited except by herders with their cattle, and that the limited amount of land which can be watered will have great value, for here a dense population will congregate, and orchards, groves and homes will charm the traveller's eye.—N. C. M.

The Masked Ball

Nicholas the First was very fond of masquerade balls, and one night appeared at one in the character of the devil, with grinning face, horns and tail, and appeared to enjoy his character very much. About three o'clock in the morning he went out, and throwing over him some furs, called a coachman, and ordered him to take him to the Quay Anglais. As it was very cold he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found the man had taken him in a wrong direction, for the Quay Anglais is one of the most elegant portions of St. Petersburg, while before him were only some miserable houses. Nicholas began to remonstrate, but the coachman paid no heed to him, and presently passing through a stone gateway, brought him into a cemetery, and taking a large knife from his girdle, and pointing it at his employer's throat, said: "Give me your money and your furs, or I will kill you."

"And do you give me your soul," exclaimed Nicholas as he threw off the furs and disclosed his personification of the devil.

The Russians are very superstitious, and the coachman was so terrified he fell senseless on the ground, and the emperor drove himself back to his palace.

Laugh and be Healthy.

The physiological benefit of laughter is explained by Dr. E. Hecker in the Archiv fur Psychiatre: The comic-like tickling causes a reflex action of the sympathetic nerve, by which the calibre of the vascular portion of the system is diminished, and their nervous power increased. The average pressure of the cerebral vessels on the brain substance is thus decreased, and this is compensated for by the forced expiration of laughter, and the larger amount of blood thus called to the lungs. We always feel good when we laugh, but until now, we never knew the scientific reason why.

The Horse.

I study my horse, and my horse studies me. If I am a coward, he is one; if I am lazy, he is lazy; if I am impatient, he is impetuous; if I am lost in thought, how dreamily he pursues his way! But a cat is a cat the world over, let the mistress be what she may. A dog is a dog, in season and out of season, whether he follows beggar or prince. A sheep is a sheep; and no circumstance can modify its sheepishness. A cow is a cow, no matter who the milkmaid—the same senseless, broad-faced, "panicky" beast, the same indolent machine, the same placid lump of awkwardness, the same matter-of-fact agricultural fixture. Hence I have always imagined I could read in the conduct of the horse a certain measure of the character of the owner, as you can see the man in an empty hat which sits upon the table, you cannot tell why.

Home Solace.

It is a beautiful and relieving consideration in the struggles of men in this world, that every one of us may have and generally has his little circle within which he is admired, loved, and perhaps revered, whatever be the obloquy thrown upon him by the multitude. A man may be the scorn of every newspaper, and hardly able to show his face in public; he may be regarded by the community at large as little better than a malefactor; but there will be a wife or a daughter, or a whole group of children, who regard him all the time as the best and bravest person in the world, and only another word for perfection. He knows there is a retreat from the pelt-ings of the hooting multitude, available every evening of his life, namely, his love-lighted fireside; and he is content. Give me the partizanship of the parlor group, and I think much contumely may be borne out of doors.

The Fancies of the Sick.—A diseased imagination is the usual concomitant of a torpid stomach. There is no complaint to which humanity is subject which the dyspeptic does not at different times suppose that he has, or is about to have. The only way to disabuse the sufferer's mind of these fancies, which are realities to him, is to infuse life and vigor into his digestive organs, and the most potent preparation for this purpose is HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. There is no affection of the stomach, no irregularity of the liver or disorder of the bowels, consequent upon indigestion, for which it is not an absolute specific. During the twenty-five years that it has been the standard tonic and alterative of America, millions of dyspeptics have recovered their health and the capacity to enjoy life by the sole aid of this wholesome and searching vegetable preparation. As an assimilant and an anti-bilious agent, a remedy for lassitude, debility, nervousness and morbid fancies, there has never been anything comparable to it in any age or country.

SCIENTIFIC AND SAFE TREATMENT.

When applied with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche and accompanied with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as constitutional treatment, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy produces perfect cures of the worst cases of Catarrh and Ozena of many years' standing. This thorough course of medication constitutes the only scientific, rational, safe and successful manner of treating this odious disease that has ever been offered to the afflicted. So successful has it proven that the proprietor has long offered a standing reward of $500 for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

THOS. J. BISHOP, of South Brooklyn, N. Y., writes that his wife had suffered since a child with Catarrh until it had resulted in what eminent physicians pronounced Consumption; that she has used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and they have worked wonders with her case.

STEALING OUR THUNDER.

People should be aware of those impostors who not only try to imitate Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines but also copy his original style of advertising by offering various sized rewards for cases of Catarrh and other diseases which they can not cure. Those who do not possess sufficient intelligence to enable them to write original advertisements of their own, but have to steal those of others, are not likely to have made great and valuable discoveries in Medicine. Look out for them.

EAST INDIA HEMP is the only thing on record that positively cures **Consumption** and **Bronchitis.** We have many palliatives, but **CANNABIS INDICA** is the only permanent cure, and will break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. Price, $2.50. Sold everywhere. Send stamp for certificate of cures to CRADDOCK & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming Saturday Evening Post. fe7-13t

OBSERVATIONS ON CATARRH.—An abstract from a forthcoming work on THROAT DISEASES, by A. N. Williamson, M. D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, N. Y. City. Sent free. Address, with stamp, the author, 137 East 17th St., New York. fe14-13t

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNZE, No. 259 N. Ninth street, Philadelphia. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oc25-52t

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

oc18-tf

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1874.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

One copy of THE POST ($3.00) and one of T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ($2.00) will be sent for $4.50. Each publication will send one of its Premium pictures, at the choice of the subscriber, the same as if each was separately subscribed for.

☞ Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or engraving. Or 25 cents, if the Chromo is desired mounted on cardboard. We strongly advise having the Chromo mounted—it greatly increases its value.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to the order of the Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.

We call attention to the advertisement of a double-cylinder Press. It is a very good press for regular work, being the one upon which this paper was printed until a few years back. We should have continued to use it, only the necessity of very careful work on our large engravings, rendered the single cylinder preferable. For a paper that does not use large engravings, and has a tolerably large circulation, a double-cylinder is the best that can be used.

SIMPLICITY THE FASHION.

Decidedly it is so this winter. Even people who feel no pecuniary pressure, and who certainly get more for their money than they have been able to do at any time since the panic of 1857, curtail their expenses, and insist upon economy in their shopping, and study simplicity generally almost as much as those who are obliged to. More simple ways of receiving company prevail in the large cities;—much more enjoyable ways they are too. The prominence given to feasting and dressing, the profusion and waste that have characterized party-giving the last few years, were barbaric if not vulgar. A more refined taste now marks the reunions of the best society. The real end of sociable, intelligent intercourse is better attained without the great expense that used to be considered necessary. Elegance and comfort and social enjoyment are all on the side of economy.

In dress, also, the prevailing taste for simplicity is pure gain. The old times when everybody wore merinoes in winter and muslins in summer are back again. Manufacturers have sought out many inventions, but generally the old fabrics are best—all wool merinoes, cashmeres and mohairs, and the varieties of substantial cloth for over-garments. There is so little difference in the cut of ladies' and gentlemen's wear, that an ingenious girl can rip up and turn an old overcoat and make for herself a stylish English walking jacket, facing with silk, and ornamenting with buttons ad libitum. On dark-blue cloth, steel and oxydized silver buttons look well; gilt harmonize with dark-green and brown; and smoked pearl, rubber, jet, or black wood are suitable for black cloth.

The fashion of buttons that button nothing is found useful in making over old dresses, as they give an unmistakable air of freshness and style. For instance the front breadth of a dress defaced by wear or accident may be replaced by one of another color, black silk or some harmonious shade, pockets and cuffs and ruff-lining of the same, and buttons of a well-chosen kind up the front and freely used for a last finish generally. This tablier or apron style is too convenient to be readily given up.

There is nothing exactly new in style or trimming. When dresses are repaired or made over, (an unusually large proportion of the dressmaker's work at present,) they come out with the grace of simplicity;—in that their newness chiefly consists. It is much easier for ladies to make their own dresses now that a redingote is the right thing. With a good pattern, the way is plain. While the polonaise prevailed, even professionals complained of its laborious and puzzling complications; finding it, with all their experience, a difficult and doubtful task.

There is one really new fashion—the shape of boots;—broad, low heels, broad soles, and square toes—the same material used for men as women, constitute an important change, made in obedience to the most enlightened physiological requirements. The high heels and narrow soles, making the ladies walk lamely as if on hoofs, did incalculable mischief. Now, the much-abused feet have a chance to recover, where recovery is possible.

The Anti-Fashion Convention at Vineland does not seem to have done much, as the conclusion of all the discussion and presentation of reformed costumes was only—that sensible women everywhere always had dressed to suit their occupation, and always would do so; and that the conspicuous short dress, a foot from the ground, is no better for practical purposes than that ordinarily worn by busy women; or at least not enough better to compensate for its ugliness. S. P.

Prosperous Establishment.

[illegible]th great pleasure we note the pros[illegible] of that sparkling daily paper, the [illegible]y City Item. Colonel Greene, of [illegible] Transcript, says that Colonel Fitz[illegible]ld has invested fifty-six thousand [illegible]ars in machinery in three years. The [illegible]lock Lightning Press alone cost twenty-[illegible]thousand dollars, with its running gear. [illegible]eems a big price—but the paper is [illegible]day concern, sometimes as many [illegible], eight, nine and ten editions being [illegible] Next fall they propose to publish [illegible] four o'clock) morning edition, [illegible]ll be literally all-day. It is the [illegible] on [illegible] of its peculiar kind probably in [illegible] the [illegible] May its shadow never be less.

REMEMBER!—Though you be sprung in direct line from Hercules, if you show a low-born meanness, that long succession of ancestors whom you disgrace are so many witnesses against you; and this grand display of their tarnished glory but serves to make your ignominy more evident.

COUNTRY HOUSES.

Probably no one man in America has had so much to do with the improvement of the people's taste in domestic architecture as A. J. Downing. So decided and general is the good taste now displayed in country houses and suburban dwellings, that one can hardly realize the absurd failures of twenty years ago, when, as Downing said—

"Nothing is more common in some parts of the country than to see the cockneyism of three-story town houses violating the beauty and simplicity of country life. In our own neighborhood, there is a brick house standing in the midst of gardens and orchards, which has a front and rear pierced with windows, but only blank wall at the sides; looking, in fact, precisely as if lifted out of a three-story row in a well packed city street, and suddenly dropped in the midst of a green field in the country, full of wonder and contempt, like a true cockney, at the strangeness and dulness of all around it. During a drive on Long Island last autumn, we saw with pain and mortification, the suburban villa of a wealthy citizen, a narrow, unmistakable "six-story brick," which seemed, in its forlornness, and utter want of harmony with all about it, as if it had strayed out of town, in a fit of insanity, and had lost the power of getting back again.

Such mistakes may occur now in benighted places, but it seems hardly possible. Downing's life-work in the cause of beauty, short as it was, has been telling through all these years in the tasteful homes for the people, everywhere to be seen. Cut off from this life prematurely by a steamboat accident, his work has gone on the same; such was the impetus given it by his genius and faithful industry while on earth. The most charming little homes are every year springing up, made charming, not by piling on expense, but simply by allowing the idea of beauty to have some play in the construction. The little fancy touches, now so common, Downing advocated on the ground of appropriateness.

"Verandahs, piazzas, bay-windows, balconies, &c., are the most valuable general truths in Domestic Architecture; they express domestic habitation more strongly because they are chiefly confined to our own dwellings."

The perception of this truth that rural architecture is much more a sentiment than a science, and that people building for themselves unconsciously throw something of their own character into their dwellings, is shown in the style now popular. The Greek temple in white marble is no longer taken for the model of a house to live in; rather those quaint and home-like middle age edifices, where the roof is boldly shown and rendered ornamental, the windows a very prominent feature, and the comfort and pleasure of climate and home considered. No man now thinks it a fine thing to make his dwelling a reduced copy of the Parthenon. S. P.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

THEN AND NOW.

Lately I resurrected the jolliest old document from a pile of papers which had been long since abandoned to dust and the paper moths. It was nothing more nor less than a copy of the ancient, famous, and time-honored Blue Laws of Connecticut. I read it all through twice, and every half minute or so I felt constrained to stop and thank the good Lord that he didn't permit me to be born in those times. How would you have liked to live, my dear young lady friend, at an age when you were forbidden by law to wear any lace worth more than two shillings a yard? One of these laws says that whoever wears clothes trimmed with silver or bone lace above two shillings a yard shall be fined by the selectman "at the rate of three hundred pound estate." Think of that, madam, next time you buy a silk dress so stiff it will stand alone, and trim it with lace at fifteen dollars a yard!

Here is another, and when we remember that the Mayflower folks, and nearly all those first New Englanders came to America to enjoy liberty of conscience, "freedom to worship God," the poetess has it, when we remember that, this law sounds rather queer; "No one shall be a freeman or give a vote, unless he be converted or a member in free communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion." Think of that again! I know over and over so many people who fall down and worship the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers because, forsooth! they established liberty of conscience. That was exactly what they didn't do, you perceive. They came over from England, set up their own form of worship, and declared that everybody in the colony should worship their way or suffer for it. That was liberty of conscience with a vengeance. Those old Pilgrim Fathers were exceedingly excellent old gentlemen, and deserve all the credit in the world for the good they did, but don't let us talk about "liberty of conscience" in connection with them. Dear me, no! Believe my way or clear out—that was their liberty of conscience.

Just look at these two more, and think if the world hasn't moved since then: "No food and lodging shall be allowed to a Quaker, Adamite or other heretic." "If any person turn Quaker, he shall be banished and not suffered to return on pain of DEATH." Read that and contrast it with our times, when the Quakers are the most beloved and respected of people, when twenty different phases of belief are often represented in the churches of a single town, when America is *almost* wide enough for every possible honest and upright religious belief, read that and thank Heaven that the world moves. Quakers, Baptist heretics, and many other sorts of heretics have become eminently respectable since those days. And here's one that will make you laugh to read it. You'd never guess that such a ridiculous thing would come into any human creature's head to make a law about: "No woman shall *kiss her child* on Sabbath or fasting day." Think of having a dear little innocent sweet baby, with bright, merry eyes, loving, cunning ways, and a sweet little birdie voice, and you wouldn't dare kiss that blessed baby on Sunday! Isn't it outrageous, abominable, laughable? I wonder if they thought it was wicked to kiss a baby on Sunday? And on fasting days, too, when you have to pray all day long, and daren't have anything to eat, a woman was forbidden by law to kiss her child, couldn't even have the pleasure of kissing her baby when she came home hungry from church. Wasn't it heathenish? And why did they have a particular spite at womankind, in the kissing business? What isn't specially forbidden is of course tacitly permitted, and therefore a man might kiss his baby on Sunday all he wanted to, and never a word said. I wonder why they let the father kiss the baby all he pleased, on Sunday, and wouldn't let its mother do the same? I can't see for my life what was the "object and intent" of that law. And seeing that the revered Pilgrim Fathers forbade a mother to kiss her baby of a Sunday, I wonder what the same jolly old chaps thought about sparking Sunday night? I have been unable to discover whether that was forbidden too, or not.

Then again, read this one, which seems to me nearly as senseless as that one about kissing a baby:—"No minister shall keep a school." What was the particular objection to allowing a reverend gentleman to teach young ideas how to shoot? It seems exceedingly queer in these days when it is supposed that no young ladies' seminary is quite so desirable as one presided over by a good Christian minister, who is popularly believed to top-dress the intellectual attainments of a young lady with a beautiful and peculiar polish of piety. In our times a minister can "keep school" as much as he pleases, and many of our very best educators are ministers. Indeed, it would seem that a well-educated, live minister, who isn't an iron-sided old bigot, could, better than almost anybody else, give that moral instruction which ought always to go with intellectual learning.

What numbers and numbers of laws it took to keep people straight then, to be sure! They had to be tied up as tight as the celebrated Davenport brothers when they give a dark cabinet exhibition. It is absolutely astonishing, too, what quantities and quantities of things were wicked then which are not a bit wicked now-days, but on the contrary are altogether proper and right. Look at all this lot of things which you wouldn't have been allowed to do if you had lived a hundred and fifty years or so ago: "No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saint's day, *make mince-pies*, dance, play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, or jewsharp." Only think how dreadful it would have been never to have had any Christmas presents. And I do think there couldn't anything much worse happen to anybody, than never to have been allowed to eat any mince-pie. Mince-pies and Christmas were supposed by the old blue lawyers to be relics of popery, and therefore making mince-pies and keeping Christmas were sternly forbidden. I remember when I was little, that my grandfather, then a very old man, always discouraged the celebration of Christmas among his children and grand-children, on religious grounds. They must have had a heavenly concord of sweet sounds among the old Pils., I think, if they didn't have any sort of music, except the jewsharp. Because, in the way of sweet sounds there isn't anything this side of a pig under a gate, so absolutely excruciating to the civilized ear as a rasping, twanging, scraping jewsharp. Positively there isn't. It fairly makes my eyes water with agony to hear one. How it must have sounded, when Rachel and John and Reuben and Prudence and Miles Standish and the other young folks met together socially of an evening, to hear Miles Standish say to Prudence: "I pray you, let us have some music, and songe of Zion," and then have all the company bring out their jewsharps and all together go to buzzing away like a lot of mud-wasps under a kitchen eave-trough! Glory! I'm glad I didn't live in those days.

But here's the jolliest old fellow of all, which I've saved to close with, so as to impress it on your mind; and between ourselves I don't know but it would be an improvement if modern people had kept up that old law to this day. This is it: "Married persons shall live together, or be imprisoned." How would that suit the dog-and-cat yoke-fellows who scratch and snarl at each other under the matrimonial yoke, and every little while fly off at a tangent and separate, each going to torment his and her particular relations with his and her particular deviltry. I tell you I've seen so much of that sort of thing that I'm sick of it. Upon my honor I believe it would be a good thing if we kept up that old law to this day. At least I'm sure it would be a most delightful thing and merciful thing for the poor unhappy relations of the dog-and-cat people who marry and then are too ugly to live together. If they are too ugly to live together, they are surely too ugly to live with anybody else.

But except that law requiring married people to disturb only one household with their little discussions, there is but just one advantage the old Pils. had over the people of our times. Folks didn't have any nerves in those days. I have searched diligently, and have not found a single instance recorded where anybody had any nerves. ZIG.

[NOTE.—It is only fair to say that it has been denied that the old Puritans had any such law as that quoted by Zig, relating to a mother kissing her children on Sunday. Some contend that it, and the one forbidding a husband to kiss his wife on Sunday, are inventions of the enemy.—*Editor of The Post.*]

Passages from F. W. Robertson.

I believe that the great lesson for us to learn, every day it seems more true to me, is this: God and my own soul; there is nothing else in this world I will trust to for the truth. To those alone we are amenable for judgment, to Him and to His voice within us. From all else we must appeal. Only we must not appeal so haughtily as we are sometimes tempted to do in independence, but not in pride.

And as to the eternal question, "Is it well with the child?" We know of him, what is all that we can ever know of any one removed beyond the veil which shelters the unseen from the prying of curiosity, that he is in the hands of the Wise and Loving. Spirit has mingled with spirit. A child, more or less erring, has gone home. Unloved by his Father? Believe it who may, that will not I.

The fact is, we have one thing, and only one to do here on earth, to earn the character of heaven before we die. This is practical and simple to understand. We cannot do it alone, but the Spirit's agency is given us under our present dispensation to mould us by his influence into the image of God.

Religious superstitions take the manhood from the breast, the self-reliance and the trust in God, leaving behind a restless attempt to propitiate fickle, capricious, malicious beings, whose only superiority lies in power. The worship of power singly is always a degrading worship; submission to caprice is always demoralizing—submission producing trickiness, subtlety, and trust in cunning rather than in rectitude.

The deep under-tone of this world is sadness, a solemn bass occurring at measured intervals, and heard through all other tones. Ultimately, all the strains of this world's music resolve themselves into that tone; and I believe that, rightly felt, the cross, and the cross alone, interprets the mournful mystery of life, the sorrow of the highest, the Lord of Life; the result of error and sin, but ultimately remedial, purifying, and exalting.

☞ He who loves goodness harbors angels, reverers reverence, and lives with God. The less we have to do with our sins, the better. No man can afford to waste his moments in compunctions. The divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers; and man, though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true. Everything is superficial, and perishes, but love and truth only.—*Emerson.*

DE VRIES.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

Fresh from the foam of the Northern seas,
A fish in the wave, and a bird in the breeze,
Came the bark of Pieterson de Vries.

Past the Jersey coast of inlet and bar,
Unshivered in sail, unshattered in spar,
He sailed up the bay of the Delaware.

No friendly crowds to meet him came
Of wandering tribes, with eyes aflame,
And presents of wampum and maize and game.

Not even the maiden whose life he bore
Through the tumult of waves to the triumph of shore,
While his Christian crew looked on and swore—

Not even she in her birch canoe,
Like a sea-bird over the waters flew,
To tell him her heart was loyal and true.

He reached Fort Oplandt's wooden wall—
Silence lay on it like a pall;
There was no sound of laugh or call.

Fire-marks were on the roof and door,
Still, naked forms lay on the floor,
His friends would welcome him no more.

"Sad greeting this!" said bold De Vries;
When, like a sun-ray, from the trees,
A maiden flashed, and clasped his knees.

Her cheek was like the sumach's glow,
Before the weary weeks of snow;
Her eyes the soft eyes of the doe.

"Ha!" cried De Vries, "my Indian maid,
Rise up, my child, nor be afraid."
She glanced around upon the dead.

In broken speech she told their fate—
How trifling quarrels grew to great;
Till blossomed the red flower of hate.

And more—how, soon, in friendly guise,
And bearing gifts, with treacherous eyes,
Her tribe would seek a new surprise.

That eve, before the set of sun,
Of all that stood around, not one
Might live to say, the day is done.

"Fly, fly at once—on the broad bay
You even yet may safely stay.
For me, I go now my own way

"Back to my tribe—who, if they see
Me come—the knife my doom will be.
But I would give my life for thee."

She knelt once more and clasped his knees,
Then vanished in the encircling trees.
"Forewarned, forearmed!" said brave De Vries.

The sunset came, and all the wood
Shone crimson, as if dyed with blood.
Upon their deck the white-men stood.

Soon from the trees the red foe came,
Bearing their gifts of maize and game,
Peace on their lips, their hearts a flame.

They reach the ship—they cluster now
Upon the fore-deck and the prow;
De Vries stands near with stormy brow.

"Show them your teeth!" at the command,
Armed to the knife the white-men stand,
A musket in each levelled hand.

"Move but an inch, and by the Lord,
I'll give you up to gun and sword!"
The red-men knelt, but spoke no word.

"Wretches! the God who dwells on high,
And speaks in thunder from the sky,
Has warned me of this acted lie.

"Your lives are mine—to take or spare—
What say you?" Up then rose the Bear,
Chief of Mohegans—grand his air.

"We see our father is wise and great,
His white hand holds the bolts of fate.
Manitou hates whom he doth hate.

"If thou wilt spare our lives this day,
Henceforth we'll serve thee and obey,
And be thy friends, come what come may."

His warrior shook their hands and swore:
"You cannot once, trust them no more,"
Their captain's brow a glory wore.

"Who mercy gives shall mercy take,
I pardon you for Jesus' sake,
And cursed be they who compact break!"

Ah, blood unspilled! in the after years,
No harvest was reaped of blood and tears;
No blazing homes, no midnight fears.

When came good Penn with his brother band,
He found a happy and peaceful land,
Where white man and red dwelt hand in hand.

All honor then to the brave De Vries!
Let us snatch his name from time's dull seas,
And bear it aloft in the sun and breeze.

Let the Delaware, as its waters flow
Where Fort Oplandt stood in the long-ago,
And the Indian roamed with hatchet and bow;

'Mid its dreams of the deer and the birch canoe,
Chant the praise of him who to Christ was true,
Nor with crimson stained its waves of blue!

[NOTE—David Pieterson de Vries—captain and patroon—sailed for the Delaware, according to Gordon, first in 1630 and again in 1632. The facts upon which the above verses are based, may be found in Gordon's History of Pennsylvania. Bancroft says: "The voyage of De Vries was the cradling of a State. That Delaware exists as a separate commonwealth is due to the colony of De Vries."]

The Murder of the Innocents.

The New York Sun, in a late issue says—"Yesterday afternoon Coroner Croker investigated the circumstances attending the death of David White, the schoolboy who on Tuesday committed suicide by hanging. Young White lived with his parents at 146 Rivington street. He was not twelve years of age, and had two brothers, one older and the other younger than himself. The trio attended the Allen street public school, and he was considered by his teachers, as well as his parents, a very intelligent child. He was studious, and outstripped boys older than himself. He was recently promoted to a higher class, and at this point his troubles began. He was unable to keep pace with his classmates, and disheartened by his failure, he grew careless, and neglected his studies, a course which soon sent him to the foot of his class. At length he told his mother he would like to quit the school and go to business as a newsboy. This she refused to permit, and he was compelled to return to school. Finally as a punishment for his carelessness his teacher placed his name on the blackboard as that of an imperfect student, and left it there for the inspection of the whole school. He was a proud, high-spirited boy, and the publicity thus given to his shortcomings, together with the recollection of his former successes, affected him keenly. On Tuesday morning, before school time, he told his brothers that he intended to end his life, adding that he had a pocket-knife, but it was too dull for the purpose. The two brothers told him he must be crazy to talk so; they looked upon his words as mere childish bravado, not dreaming that he was serious, and thought no more of it until subsequent events showed how thoroughly in earnest he was when he uttered them.

"In the afternoon his mother heard him enter the house and go up-stairs. School was just over, and she supposed he had gone to leave his books in the bedroom. Fifteen minutes passed and she became alarmed. Thinking that he might, perhaps, be ill, she followed him up-stairs and attempted to push open the bedroom door; there was something behind it which prevented her from opening it, and as she felt the impediment the first premonition of what she was about to see fell upon her. She called aloud to her son to open the door but no answer was returned, and the weight within still hung against it. At last she summoned all her strength and resolution, forced it open, and entered the room. The next moment it shut fast again leaving her inside with the body of her son hanging before her. Under the first horror of the situation she was incapable of action; she could only shriek for help, and in a few moments another woman, an inmate of the house, was by her side. She at once drew a pair of scissors from her pocket, and with some difficulty severed the strap by which the boy was suspended. Dr. George V. Skiff, of 32 Norfolk street, was summoned, and learning that the body could not have been hanging more than a quarter of an hour, he was encouraged to hope that resuscitation might be possible. He applied an electric battery, and endeavored to produce artificial respiration, but he failed.

"A book strap had been passed through a hole in the upper panel and carried over the door and back into the room. To this a second strap was attached with the end passed through the buckle, thus forming a noose which encircled the neck. This noose was not drawn tight, but fastened at the buckle. A chair was lying on the floor, and from this the boy had evidently dropped, upsetting it either at that time or by his subsequent struggles. The neck was not broken. The verdict was simply suicide by hanging."

Another victim of the false, unnatural scheme of schooling, miscalled education, and another instance of the morbid sensitiveness that seems to be a consequent characteristic of American children. Two persons are feeling the weight of remorse upon their souls—falling with a swift horror of condemnation in the shock of that child's death—the poor mother and the teacher; one thoughtlessly thrusting him to the wall, the other pinning him there with that blackboard disgrace. Yet both were entirely innocent of any deliberate intent to harm. They only wanted sense. They only brought to bear upon a tender child the inexorable engines of iron rules, giving not a thought apparently to the quivering little heart those rules were torturing, to the overstrung nerves, preternaturally sensitive through years of mental effort beyond his strength, and at last, strained to their utmost, snapping the thread of a life grown hateful. Why had not the mother that small grain of wisdom, or if not wisdom, feeling for her boy, that would move her to grant his request? To quit school and go into business as a newsboy was exactly the kind of change he needed. Freedom and out-door activity would have saved him. But he was thrust back into torment, and the high-pressure engine turning its last screw of undeserved, unendurable humiliation, finished the work of destruction. Poor little mortal! They made the world too much for him at the very outset—these zealous inquisitors, who fancy themselves educators.

How much longer is this forcing, cramming folly of the school system to last? For at least twenty years the POST has been warning against it, only ceasing to cry out because it seemed that everything had been said; but it is like water dropping on a rock—it must go on dropping forever to make an impression.

One of the deepest, broadest thinkers among us, the other day startled his congregation by saying that the schools, as so many of them, especially in the cities, are managed, were doing more harm than intemperance, or war, or slavery, or any other giant evil in the world. He will read a new confirmation of his verdict in this sacrifice of young White, a high-spirited, bright, intelligent boy. How much wiser are these modern offenders than those of old who passed their beloved children through the fire to Moloch?

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

—On the morning of the 3d of February, the people of Conshohocken who went past Mr. Muffler's house, saw him out in the front yard raising the American flag on the flag pole. Then he put a pack of fire crackers in a barrel, and when they had exploded, Muffler fired his double-barrelled gun two or three times; then he emptied his revolver and taking off his hat gave three cheers. Then he set off more fire crackers, fired three or four more salutes and gave some additional cheers. By this time a vast crowd had assembled and his operations were witnessed with amazement not only by the outsiders but by the Muffler family who were gathered at the front windows. Mrs. Muffler thought he was insane, and this opinion was shared by the crowd. Finally a policeman was called in, and that official, waiting until Muffler's gun was empty, dodged into the yard and arrested him.

"What do you mean by this outrage?" demanded Muffler.

"Never you mind," said the officer; "you come along now and go to the asylum."

"Asylum!" shrieked Muffler. "What d'you mean, you scoundrel?"

"Why you're insane," said the policeman, "and your family want to put you where you'll do no harm. It's dangerous for a lunatic to carry on the way you've been doin' with them guns and things."

"Why you fool, I was celebrating Washington's birthday," said Muffler.

"That's too thin! Washington's birthday! I guess not—this is only the 3d of February!"

"I tell you it isn't," said Muffler. "This morning's paper says it is Washington's birthday. Come in the house and I'll show it to you."

When they got into the house, Muffler produced the paper and pointed triumphantly to an editorial beginning "This is the birthday of the Immortal Washington." Then the policeman took a look at the paper, and then he laughed. It was a paper of February 22d, 1873. Mrs. Muffler had taken it out of the closet upon the preceding evening, and Muffler imagined that it was the paper of the morning of February 3d, 1874. He will not celebrate the 22d when it does come. His enthusiasm is cooler than it was.

—A Boston paper of high character stated on Thursday last that "the population of the world is one thousand three hundred millions of people." Of course this calculation must have been made on Wednesday so that it could go in Thursday's paper, and therefore Mrs. Briggs's twins, which were born on Thursday morning, could not have been counted in. We may therefore estimate the population of the world to be one thousand three hundered millions and two. If statistics are to have any value at all they must be exact, and we make this correction, not only for the sake of preventing the dissemination of erroneous intelligence, but to avoid hurting the feelings of Mrs. Briggs, who regards her twins as by far the most important personages of all the millions referred to.

—Recently it occurred to Mr. Smiley, of Darby, that it would be a good thing to go out to see if he couldn't shoot a rabbit or two. He always kept his gun loaded and ready in the corner of the room, so he merely shouldered it and went out. After a while he saw a rabbit, and taking aim, he pulled the trigger. The gun failed to go off. Then he pulled the other trigger, and the cap snapped again. Mr. Smiley used some extreme language, and then, taking a pin, he picked the nipples of the gun, primed them with a little powder and started again. Presently he saw another rabbit, but both caps snapped again. The rabbit did not see Smiley, so he put on more caps, and they snapped too. Then Smiley cleaned out the nipples again, primed them and fired the gun at a fence. Then the cap snapped again. Then Smiley became furious and in his rage he expended forty-seven caps in an effort to make that gun go off. When the forty-seventh shot missed also, Smiley thought there might perhaps be something the matter with the inside of the gun, so he tried the barrels with the ramrod. To his utter dismay he discovered that both barrels were empty. Mrs. Smiley, who is nervous about firearms, had drawn the loads without telling Smiley for fear of making him angry. If there had been a weakin anywhere about, it would probably have been made to ring with Mr. Smiley's excited denunciations of Mrs. Smiley. Finally, however, he became cooler and loading both barrels he started again after rabbits. He saw one in a few moments and was about to fire, when he noticed that there were no caps on his gun. He felt for one, and to his dismay found that he had snapped the last one off. Then he ground his teeth and walked home. On his way there he saw at least six hundred rabbits. He has been out hunting every day since, however, with his gun in first-rate order, and he has never laid eyes on a solitary rabbit. Smiley is beginning to think something is wrong in the government of the universe.

—Mr. Collamore's child was baptized at our church the other day, and when he came to the minister with it, the clergyman said to him in a low voice:

"Tell me its name. I'm ready to begin."

"Twins!" exclaimed Mr. Collamore, who is as deaf as ever. "Twins! gracious! we haven't got twins. This is the only one, I assure you."

"No, no," said the pastor, "I say we ought to begin."

"Forty twins? I don't understand you," said Collamore, "I merely want you to baptize this child, you understand."

"I asked you what was its name," said the minister, in despair. "What do you call it?"

"No, sir, it don't bawl a bit. It's the quietest baby you ever see."

"What—is—the—name—of—the—child?" asked the clergyman.

"Oh, never mind its dress," said Collamore, "we don't mind if it is sp'iled. Sp'ile it as much as you choose. The baby don't mind a little water."

"What do you call the child? What's its name?" shrieked the minister.

"No, we're not going to call her Mary Jane," said Collamore, promptly. "We did think of Louisa, but I believe Mrs. Collamore finally settled on Cleopatra."

Then the clergyman baptized the child "Cleopatra." And old Collamore, after answering the questions all in the wrong places, shuffled down the aisle after the baby, wondering what on earth the congregation were laughing at. He will ruin that church, if he remains in it.

—Mr. Huggins, of Snyder county, is in trouble. He was candidate for coroner and he thought he might promote his interests by getting all the women upon his side, so he went around visiting them and kissing their babies. He was unfortunate in two instances. Once he picked up a baby that was playing upon a doorstep, and was about to kiss it, when the mother saw him. She imagined he was a kidnapper, and as she was a red-haired woman with a hot temper she darted at Huggins with a broom-handle and made things very sensational for him for a few moments until he could explain himself. Subsequently he kissed Mrs. Jones's baby, which had the measles, and then he kissed fourteen other babies, every one of which was down with the measles before night, having caught the disease from Huggins. He lost fourteen votes by that operation, and six of the fathers have sued him for the amount of their doctor's bills. Huggins was not elected, and when he runs again he will conduct the campaign on a different basis.

Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

[From the German of Friederike Brun.]

We call the attention of our readers to the following poem, which no doubt suggested to Coleridge, at a time when German literature was not so well known to the outside world as at present, his own magnificent hymn on the same subject. Every one acquainted with the English poet will notice that his work is, to a degree, but a translation, though certainly a wonderful one, and which, perhaps, is better than the original:

From the deep shadow of the still fir groves
Trembling I look to thee, eternal height!
Thou dazzling summit from whose top my soul
Floats, with dimmed vision, to the infinite.

Who sank in earth's firm lap the pillars deep
Which hold through ages thy vast pile in place?
Who reared on high, in the clear ether's vault,
Lofty and strong, thy ever radiant face?

Who poured you forth, ye mountain torrents wild,
Down thundering from eternal winter's breast?
And who commanded, with almighty voice,
"Here let the stiff'ning billows find their rest?"

Who points to yonder morning star his path?
Borders with wreaths of flowers the eternal frost?
To whom, in awful music, cries thy stream,
Oh, wild Arveiron! in fierce tumult tost?

Jehovah! God! bursts from the crashing ice,
The avalanche thunders down its steeps the call;
Jehovah! rustle soft the bright tree tops,
Whisper the silver brooks that murmuring fall.

ITALIAN RAILROADS.

A correspondent writing from Italy says: "Her railroads are magnificent structures, the waiting-rooms elegantly frescoed, and the seats of the finest silk velvet. When the train stops for dinner they give you one hour to eat your meal. The railroad beds are the smoothest I have ever ridden over; the embankments are all built of solid masonry of the most substantial nature, and the bridges are all massive stone. If the bridges, embankments and road beds of the New York Central Railroad were built like those of the High Italy Railway, that road, with its immense revenues, could not pay a half per cent. dividend on the cost of its construction. The expense of running railroads in Italy is enormous. Every ton of coal is bought in England, costing ten dollars per ton, and transported at an enormous cost to Italy. The system is admirable. Of course I do not like the carriages; but in every other respect they excel us Americans. It is impossible for a traveller to get into the wrong train or car, even if he does not speak a word of either French or Italian. Every man connected with a railroad wears a uniform, and the guard lifts his hat to you as he politely examines your ticket. I have travelled nearly 4,000 miles in Europe, on many different roads, and I never missed a train or knew one to be five minutes behind time. Surely such facts attest the excellence of the railway system in Italy."

LOVE'S INDECISION.

BY WILLIE W. CARPENTER.

While Maude stood by the garden gate
And Lucie in the door above,
I loitered in the moonlight late,
Both which to choose to be my love.

For Maude seemed like a wild-flower fair,
Clothed in her soft, white, fleecy dress,
And Lucie had a wealth of hair
With gold bound in each braided tress.

Maude had a cheek fresh as a rose,
And Lucie had blue, love-lit eyes;
But then Maude had a Grecian nose,
Though Lucie was acute and wise.

Maude sighed, "How lovely is the night;
How sweet that soaring wood-lark sings;
And how the firefly keeps alight
The tiny lamp beneath her wings."

Then Lucie in her long, dim room,
Sang soft and clear a sweet love air,
Then brought a taper to the gloom
And placed it on the great hall stair.

The light fell on the rush-cial floor
And streamed across the lawn, a wide
Bright pathway, leading from the door
To guide me to my maiden's side.

I knew the way! I guessed what meat
Was kept for one who yet might come;
What hand would be outstretched to meet
My kiss on finger, palm and thumb.

But yonder was that plat of grass
With atmosphere of rose and musk;—
Ah! where could one more sweetly pass
An hour than in that fragrant dusk?

Maude drew her scarf about her head
And turned—then called in quick distress
My name! Then laughed and blushing said
"Ah, see! this bramble caught my dress."

I tore the thorn away. Her hand
Stole soft to mine. The moon waxed late,
And later, smiling broad and bland
Upon two loiterers by the gate.

DAVY CROCKETT ON THE TRACK;

OR,

The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN PASMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FINDING OF THE GOLD.

It was an exciting situation in which we left our characters. The struggle in the darkness between Crockett and his powerful antagonist continued in perfect silence. They spoke not, they scarcely breathed, their whole systems were strained in the most violent muscular exertion, yet not a limb moved.

They were so equally matched in strength that, for some minutes, neither gained the slightest advantage over the other.

Then the trained and untiring muscles of the hunter began to assert their superior force. Henderson had not been raised in this severe school, and his powers of endurance gradually yielded as the hunter seemed to throw new strength into his sinewy grasp.

The outlaw yielded, took one staggering step backward, and the next moment was lifted bodily and flung with dangerous force on the rocky floor of the cave.

Meanwhile the light-bearer advanced rapidly, hastened by a call from Ned Gordon. The latter impatiently ran back, snatched a burning brand from the pan, his figure making a perilous mark for a rifle bullet as he stood a moment with it upraised in his hand. The next instant he flung it from him, with a skilful throw that sent it whirling down the whole length of the cave. The flaming scintillations of the burning brand lit up the whole length of the cave as it hurtled through it, revealing the hunters, who had hastily drawn to the side out of the line of their antagonists' fire, and the two struggling men, who were yet locked in deadly effort.

It passed on in a blazing lustre over the spot where the outlaws had a moment before been revealed by the flash of their weapons, and this part of the cave was illuminated as though a lightning flash had lit it up.

But it was empty. Only the white walls and floor of the cavern appeared. No human form was visible. The party, who an instant before had fired upon them, had disappeared as if by magic.

Gordon seized another brand and with perilous boldness ran with it down the cave to where it again contracted to a narrow passage. He thrust it into this passage, and keenly glanced down the dark avenue. In doing this his peril was less than it appeared, any occupant of the avenue, facing him, would have been inevitably revealed by the glare of the flaming torch in his eyes, and the daring man was prepared to hurl the torch from him and sink to the ground at the slightest indication of danger.

None appeared, however. Both the cave and the avenue seemed empty of their law-breaking occupants, save the silent figure beside which the dog crouched, savagely growling, and the form of the leader, who lay, as if stunned, where he had just been thrown by his powerful antagonist.

"A bit of rope here, lads, if any of you has got sich an article," spoke the voice of Crockett. "Turn your pan round and throw a glim here. The rest of the hounds are heeling it, and we can afford to light up."

In a moment a length of stout cord was forthcoming, and the hands of the prostrate villain were firmly bound behind him.

Whether he had been really insensible, or only feigning with the hope of an opportunity of escape, could not be told. At any rate his senses quickly returned when the rope passed in tightening lengths round his wrists. His feet were also shackled, so that it was impossible for him to make a long step.

He rose from his prostrate position at the harsh command of his captor, glancing round the luridly illuminated throng with a lowering, savage expression that tokened ill for them should they ever fall into his power. Particularly when his eyes fell on the form of the disguised man who had guided his enemies into the depths of his stronghold, did the savage nature of the desperado burn in its full fury from their fierce depths, and if looks had been fatal Ned Gordon must have fallen dead on the spot.

He spoke not, however, but awaited in sullen dignity the will of his captors.

"Now let's look after the fellow here that the dog's got in limbo," said Crockett, advancing toward the motionless man.

The light carrier threw the gleam of his pan upon the form of the fallen robber.

"About as I expected," said the hunter, after a momentary glance. "Whirlwind don't do nothing by halves. That poor devil has give us all the trouble he's like to."

"Why?" said Baldwin, pressing more closely up.

"The dog's teeth has opened his jug'lar. The man's clean bled to death. Whirlwind thought he had holt of some wild varmint, and he weren't far out."

The others crowded up and gazed with a solemn interest on the face of the dead man, that feeling which naturally arises in seeing one, who an instant before was all of vigorous life, now stilled in the pallid and pulseless rest of death.

"What shall we do with the corpse?" asked Baldwin, in an awe-stricken tone.

"Drag it a bit to the side, and leave it there. There's not a deeper or a better grave than this to be had. It's only good luck saved one of us from being the mark for his bullet, but the poor rascal's past harm now."

The eyes of the prisoner were fixed with a kind of fascination upon the corpse, while an expression of horror filled his face. Some thought of the menacing end to his own wicked course of life seemed to have come upon him in the dreadful fate of his accomplice, and he appeared to be seeking in vain to withdraw his glance from the encrimsoned spectacle.

A look of relief crossed his face when they had drawn the corpse out of his line of vision, into the shadowy depths of the apartment, and the expression of remorse and horror was replaced by the old glare of hatred and revengeful feeling.

"Where's this workshop of the the rascals?" asked Crockett, turning to the guide.

"Not far on. A few steps will bring us to it."

"Go ahead then, some of you, and see what's to be found there. I'll stay here, with Ben Baldwin, and one or two more. It won't do to go ahead and leave our rear without a guard. There's no telling what deviltry the varmints will be up to, but they'd best be sure they're right afore they try to circumvent Davy Crockett. Light t'other pan and leave it over the lodge of rock there. Old Bet wants to keep her eye open if there's any loose deviltry afloat. The balance of you can forge ahead with the pan you've got lit. But be as keen as razors, for you've got wide-awake critters to deal with. Keep out of the glare till you're sure there's a clear coast. Dig on, lads, and don't waste time. I'll take care of our sour-looking friend here."

The party accordingly divided, Baldwin and another remaining with Crockett, and so stationing themselves in the shadows of the cave as to be out of the glare of the light.

The others went on under the leadership of their guide. Cautiously proceeding, and examining every point with the greatest care before venturing to advance, they at length emerged into a chamber of the cave that seemed to be the spot alluded to as the workshop of the counterfeiters.

Its centre was occupied by a large table, surrounded by chairs, but against the wall was a small furnace, with bellows and other appliances. Just above it was a crevice in the rock, extending upward, which possibly had a connection with the outer air and served as chimney to the furnace.

Numerous tools were scattered over the table, and in a closet which stood open against the wall many more were visible. There were several pieces of light machinery, foot lathes, cutting and grinding wheels, &c., all fitted to be worked by foot-power. In fact it was a completely fitted-up establishment for some illicit manufacture.

What this manufacture was appeared in numerous gold coins which lay scattered over the table, some neatly split into two halves and a portion of the gold deftly scooped out. Others were found, like that which Gordon had shown, in which this hollow had been refilled with lead or some other heavy metal, and the halves so neatly joined as almost to defy scrutiny.

There were evidences also of other modes of counterfeiting—pieces of an alloy closely resembling gold, stamps bearing the devices of the various gold coins, and stores of the metals from which this alloy must have been made.

"A complete counterfeiting den," said Gordon, looking curiously around. "Just slip some of these stamps and cut pieces and other things into your pockets. We will want them as evidence, if these fellows can be brought to trial. I want to take a look around their closets here. There is another piece of rascality that I hope to nail on them."

Several closets stood round the wall, besides the one that was open. But these were locked and the keys removed. Without ado Gordon quickly opened them by means of a heavy hammer which he picked from the floor, smashing the locks so that the doors swung readily open.

They contained a great variety of tools, bottles of chemical ingredients, and a large number of articles whose purpose was quite unknown to those present.

The last closet opened was stronger and more firmly locked than the others. But his vigorous blows soon supplied the action of keys, and the broken bolts ceased to confine the secrets which might lie concealed behind the door.

This being opened revealed several shelves, two of which were fitted up with drawers. These, in their turn, were locked, but the same key he had used on the outer lock soon opened them.

The others gathered close up, with brands they had lit at the burning pan. The fire in this pan was now nearly burned out, but they had enough remaining of the light wood to kindle a blaze in one pan that would suffice to light them to the entrance of the cave.

When the drawers then were pulled open the blaze of the torches shone on a heap of gold coin that dazzled the eyes and the imaginations of the lookers-on.

"By the hokey! there's a cool fortune there for the pile of us," cried one of the men exultingly.

"What is it?" asked another.

"A drawer full of gold. The biggest pile I ever seed in my born days."

"How much?"

"A clever hundred thousand, I should reckon."

"You'd reckon rather steeply then," said Gordon, with some contempt in his tone. "There is not more than five thousand at the most."

"What do you know about it?" asked the other, angrily.

"I've handled more gold than you ever saw, or are ever likely to see," answered Gordon, coolly. "What is more, I don't think any of us will have the chance to spend this."

"What's the reason why?"

"I'll tell you why—and I want you all to take particular notice of what I am going to say. Will you just pull out that piece of canvas that lies in the back part of the lower drawer."

"It's a canvas bag," said the man, drawing it out and examining it.

"Exactly. Hold it up to the light. See if there is any lettering on it."

"There's some figgers here, but I never was good at figgers."

"Them stands for five thousand," said another of the party, looking curiously over his shoulder. "But I dunno what this curlikew means. It looks like a cross between a fiddle and a jewsharp."

"That's the mark for dollars," said Gordon, looking at it. "It means that this bag has contained five thousand dollars in gold. Very likely that is the money that came out of it."

"And what comes then?" asked the man who had spoken first.

"There is only another point I would like you to notice. Do you see that large L printed under the figures?"

"In course I do."

"I want you all to bear these points in mind, for they are very important."

"But what the thunder are you a-driving at, stranger?"

"This money does not belong to us, nor to the counterfeiters. It was stolen by them, about three months ago, from the Leather Bank of Louisville."

"How do you know that?" asked another of the men. "One piece of gold is pretty much like another."

"I know it for several reasons. In the first place, I came to this part of the country on the track of the robbers of that gold. In the second, Jack Henderson, the leader of this gang, and the man whom Crockett has got in rope-handcuffs out there, is the thief who stole it. In the third place, this is the bag that held it at the time it was stolen. It has the bank mark on it, and can be identified by any of the officers."

"I've heered of that robbery," said the first speaker.

"We have all the good we want out of this place," said Gordon, in a tone in which a certain sense of relief was evident "Put the money into the bag. Give it into Davy Crockett's hands. You don't know me, but you can trust him."

"I'd sooner trust him than the best bank that ever was built," said the other speaker.

"Very well then, I will send word to the bank officers of our discovery. If they can prove their property, we will hand our find and our prisoner both over to them. Is that the correct thing?"

"Sartainly it is," said one of the men. "There's no man born on the side of Tennessee, and particklar in the shadow of the backwoods, as wants what he hasn't arned, and as would be mean enough to take what he knows wasn't come by honestly."

"That's the right way to look at it," said Gordon. "You take charge of this bag till we get into daylight again. Then it can be handed over to Crockett."

"All right, hoss. All I want's a fat deer, and a drink of bear ile now and then; and gold kin go a-begging for all I keer."

"Now let us get into the daylight as soon as possible," said Gordon. "Our blaze will not hold out much longer, and it would be mighty awkward to be caught here in the dark. Keep your eyes sharp open. We are not out of danger of bullets yet."

They filed quickly out of the underground workshop of the counterfeiters, leaving it much the worse for their visit.

A short walk brought them to where Davy and his companions stood, in the shadows of the cave, the light still burning dimly where it had been placed on the rock.

The hunter stood with his rifle in readiness, in case any of their secret enemies should seek to tamper with this important aid to their outward journey.

Behind him sat the prisoner, closely watched by one of the party, his face full of the sullen and savage feelings which were passing through his mind.

It would have fared ill at that moment with his captor could their places have been reversed. There was the passion which springs to murder in his looks.

"Any luck?" asked Davy, as the others came up.

"The best," answered Gordon. "But we have no time now to describe it. We must seek the outside while our light holds out."

A yet more savage glance was bent by the prisoner on this speaker, with a slight start as he spoke of their luck. They were too intent on other matters, however, to observe the expressions of his countenance.

"You're sound on that p'int," said Davy. "Let's get out of this blasted hole in as short metre as the shortest hymn in the hymn-book. This is out of the bar-track, and my headquarters is among the varmints. So let's git."

The balance of the wood in their possession was placed in the one pan, the fire set ablaze again, and they took up their route in the same manner as before, all passing on in advance of the light-bearer, and keenly glancing ahead for evidence of a foe in their path.

The prisoner was placed in the middle of the line, one man grasping him by the coat-collar while another held an end of the rope that bound his hands.

In this way they reached the main passage through the cave, and began their journey directly toward the entrance, Crockett, who led the way, turning without a moment's hesitation into the direct path.

The passage contracted as they proceeded, till it became quite narrow, and it wound to such an extent that, when the main party emerged into an extensive chamber of the cavern ahead, they were in almost complete darkness, the light being hid by the curving path, and only dimly dispelling the gloom where they stood.

They paused a moment, with rifles ready and eyes roving keenly about, waiting for the re-appearance of the light.

At this instant a shrill whistle resounded through the cave, reverberating from the walls and roof until they were half-deafened by the multiplied sound.

Simultaneously the light, which had just turned the corner of the pass, was snatched violently from the hands of the man who held it, and disappeared quickly in the way they had come, leaving them in total darkness.

But this was not the only or the most startling result of the signal. With the last gleam of light a dark form had risen up beside the prisoner. A quick stroke of a knife released his hands from their bonds. A hasty, wriggling evolution, and only his coat remained in the hands of the man who had so firmly grasped it, while the other held but the cut end of a rope.

"Down, boys!" cried Davy. "Out with your knives, and let them have it if you feel a breath!"

They crouched none too soon. A deafening roar succeeded the momentary stillness, as several rifles cracked nearly together, and three or four bullets hurtled over the spot where they had a moment before stood.

But a single report answered. It was the well-known voice of old Betsy. Firing at the flash Davy displayed the keenness of his senses in the result of this uncertain shot, as a stifled cry of pain showed that his quarry had been hit.

It was, however, a most desperate and perilous position in which the hunters now found themselves. Plunged into a darkness deeper than they had ever dreamed possible, the daylight only to be reached by a long, winding and unknown passage through this terrible gloom, the momentary uproar of the rifle shots succeeded by a silence as dreadful as the darkness, and surrounded by merciless foes to whom every curve of the cave was familiar, it was not surprising that something very like terror took possession of their hearts.

They had all dared death in their time. But it had been in the open air, on the battle-field, or in deadly conflict with wild beasts; never in such a helpless and awe-inspiring situation as this.

Yet they were not the men to yield lightly to the disheartening impulse of terror. Grasping their knives firmly they continued to crouch close to the floor of the cave, waiting in silence and desperation the unknown form of the attack which they expected to be made upon them.

The darkness and silence continued unbroken, minute after minute passed, and their nerves were strained nearly to agony in the terrible suspense of their situation.

And still the moments passed, and still their foe made no sign, and still the crouching men grasped their knives and set their teeth with the fierceness of desperation.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

It was with a sense of bitter disappointment and fierce anger that Rob Gordon beheld the flight of the boat which he was sure contained his betrothed, and noticed the contemptuous glance of his enemy.

He raised his rifle with an involuntary gesture, and would have fired but for his companion, who quickly said—

"Too far, Rob. No use burning powder and wasting lead for that distance. You're a good shot, but you can't touch him. See, he's ducked too; he's afeard of taking a lead pill."

Rob lowered his weapon without pulling trigger, as if satisfied that his companion was right. He stood looking with a dark, indignant glance after the retiring vessel, his heart full of pain and bitterness of feeling.

"Come, man, wake up," said the other. "There's work afore you, moping won't pay. What's more, I don't see any woman's flag flying aboard that craft. Maybe the gal's not there."

"She is there," Rob answered. "She is at this moment in the cabin, plunged in misery at her cruel fate. Oh, that she had but seen me; but realized that vengeance was upon the track of her persecutor. It would have given her a hope to replace the despair which she must now feel."

"I ain't so sure about her being there," said the other. "It's likely you're right, but where's your proof? It wouldn't pay to chase an empty boat, and so get throwed off the right track."

"It's plain as daylight, man," said Rob, impatiently. "You're looking only at the boat for signs. Look here at your feet. Don't you see that mark in the bank? They have sent a skiff ashore, and that's where it struck. And there, in the edge of the mud, are Maggie's footprints as plain as if her feet were in them now. See them there, alongside of the big feet of that devil who has carried her off."

"You're right, sure enough. I've been wool-gathering, and forgot to use my eyes. What's the next move on the programme, now that we've got our game up? The gal's there, sure as preaching, and I'm with you to jine in the chase if it takes us to Orleans."

"Thank you, Tom, I will need your aid, and will gladly avail myself of it. Our first object is to find in what direction they are going. The boat is heading down now, but that may be only a ruse. We had better sink back into the woods, so as not to let them see that they are watched, and keep an eye on them till we can make out their plan."

"Just so," said Tom. "If they strike down we'll ride for Brownstown, I've got a friend there who's got as pretty a craft as ever cut the Mississip. He'll lend it to us in a minit, and jine in himself. If we get on their track once we'll try their wind."

"Then let us not lose a minute," said Rob, springing from the temporary depression to which he had yielded, and in the prospect of success losing half his anxiety.

So it always is. Action is the best cure for anxiety, occupation the sure remedy for grief. Without further remark he turned his horse back into the forest, and they were soon threading the green aisles of the wood, out of sight of the water.

"It will not do to let them know they are pursued," said Rob. "They may imagine so, but they can't be sure of it if they don't see us. We must keep the horses out of sight in the woods. Suppose I leave this animal of mine in your care, Tom, and follow them down the bank afoot."

"You'll find it a rough road if you reckon on walking it, particular if you keep back in the bush, out of sight. There's briar enough there to skin a man in an hour."

"I had better then just step down to the bank now and then, and watch if they change their course."

"That's jest my idee," said Tom. "They're sailing kinder speedy, and we'll have to make good time to get to Brownstown afore they've got too much start."

The craft pursued its course to the south, without change, as Rob kept himself satisfied by an occasional observation from behind some huge water-side tree-trunk.

They were no great length of time in reaching Brownstown, which they entered from the landward side, out of sight from the water.

Leaving their horses at the inn, with hasty directions, they at once sought the friend of whom Tom had spoken.

In doing so they again came in sight of the river. There, on the other side of the stream, closely hugging the land, and but a short distance above the town, was the boat they were pursuing.

She was about half a mile distant, and so blended in the shadows of overhanging trees, that only eyes sharpened by a knowledge of her probable position would have seen her.

It was evidently the intention of those on board to try to pass Brownstown without being observed.

They found the person whom they were seeking at home, and perfectly ready, as soon as he had caught an inkling of their object, not only to lend them his boat, but to undertake to sail it for them.

"I know the blamed crew that haunts this place," he said. "There's some of us felt like trying lynch law on them more than once. This rascal you are after is one of the gang. I have seen just such a looking fellow hanging about here. I've known a long while that they were up to some devilitry in the back country somewhere, though we ain't been able to find out where. I hope Crockett may snake them to their hole."

While thus conversing they were rapidly making their way to the river side. A friend of the boatman joined them, and on hearing of their object at once volunteered to make one of the party.

They were now strong enough safely to cope with all the men they would be likely to find on board the chase. It was Rob's opinion that the two persons they had seen constituted the whole of this crew. Certainly on just setting sail, and without reason to suppose themselves observed, their whole force would be on deck.

The boat they entered was a small undecked craft, apparently a fishing skiff. She carried a sail heavy for her size, set with a sprit, and a large jib forward.

They were not long in stretching the sail till it was taut as a board, and in stationing themselves on the windward side of the boat, which was at once cast loose and swung round into the proper course.

The wind was rather fresh, and fair for their present direction, so that they swept off with a free sail, and the wind nearly eastern.

These preparations, speedily as they had been made, had consumed time, and in this interval the chase had crept past the town, and was still forging ahead, with a rapid motion, under cover of the wooded western bank of the river.

The prow of the Dart, as their present craft was euphoniously entitled, was not turned directly toward the fleeing vessel, but down the stream, keeping well in to their own side.

Rob, in his impatience, was not well pleased with this movement. He sat closely fingering his rifle, and was on the point of questioning the object of the boatman when the latter volunteered an explanation.

"I've seen that craft before," he said, "and I know she's a tip-top sailer. I don't allow as she can come up to the Dart, but she can keep her to her work. They're not doing their best now. Fact is, they've not got a full show of sail. Now if they've a stolen girl aboard, you'd think their game would be to make the most of this breeze, and show Brownstown their heels."

"Then it's your notion that they ain't played their whole hand yet," said Tom.

"Exactly. They likely want to take somebody off to-night. They've thought it best not to lay at their anchoring-place; but it's my reckoning that they'll be back there before it's long dark."

"If we don't worry them a bit too much."

"That's what we'll try hard. I don't want them to think we're after them. With the start they've got, we would have a thundering long chase. You can see we're forging up on them a trifle."

"I see that. We're gaining sideways."

"There's a bend in the river about a mile ahead. You may see it there, where the woods cut off the water. They've got to take the long curve to go round that, while we can stretch straight across. That will give us an even start, and a quarter of a mile advantage. If I don't lay the Dart alongside of them afore they get round the corner, then I'll sell her for firewood."

This confident tone roused Rob from the depression into which his inaction, and his ignorance of the helmsman's purpose, were again throwing him.

He caught at a glance the nature of the project, and the great advantage it gave them, so long as the fugitive party remained in ignorance of their object. It was then highly advisable to keep the fact of their being pursued from their knowledge as long as possible, for by changing their course, and heading up stream, they could recover the advantage of start and position of which it was the object to deprive them.

So both boats moved on, apparently disconnected with each other, yet the minds of the one crew set on the opposite craft with an intenseness of interest, that became painful in the case of the anxious lover.

The chase had already struck the beginning of the curve, and was bending slowly around, the sail being hauled in a little as their altered course threw the wind more abeam.

The Dart was now creeping under the shadow of a thick growth of willow on the riverside. She kept in this concealment until she had slightly rounded the curve, so as to bring the yacht so far advanced in its new course that it could not easily recover the advantage it was losing.

"Now for it!" the helmsman at length cried, sweeping the prow of his boat out with a quick movement of the tiller. "We've got to show our hand. If they ain't quick at seeing our trumps, so much the worse for them. If they hold on for ten minutes longer I'll lay the Dart alongside, or I know nothing about wind and water."

The river turned here to the eastward with an abrupt curve. The fugitive boat was still closely following the western bank, and had gained a considerable distance round the long curve when the Dart left the apex of the much shorter bend on the eastern side.

The river here was about three-quarters of a mile wide, but in the diagonal course which the Dart was pursuing, it was more than a mile. The yacht, on the contrary, would have to sail out at least a mile and a half to reach the point at which the skiff was aiming.

Should she turn back, and attempt to sail up stream in the face of wind and current, the Dart had but to stretch directly across the stream to intercept her in this attempt.

Rob was quick in perceiving the advantage they had gained, and his spirits rose as he saw that every minute brought the two boats nearer together, and decreased the chances of the fugitive escaping.

He stood upright in the boat, and looked keenly toward the yacht, now less than half a mile distant. He could plainly see figures moving on her deck, two at work at the sails, and a third, whom he had not before seen, at the helm.

"They have taken the alarm, sure enough," he cried. "They are setting the jib, and intend to try and show us their heels. It strikes me though that they are too far within the lion's jaws easily to recede."

"If the Dart don't graze her side afore you could eat an apple dumpling, I'll sink her," said the boatman, as he skilfully directed his course so as to cut the line of flight of the fugitive.

"Set down, Rob Gordon," said Tom. "There ain't no use in you're making yourself a target for rifle practice. You know that Dick Brown's a crack shot, and he mought take a fancy to pull down our crowd."

Rob was too much excited to heed the prudent advice of his companion. He continued to stand erect, leaning on his rifle, and gazing across the rapidly diminishing space between the boats with an impatience that could hardly endure the apparent slowness of their course, swift as it really was.

In the meantime, on board the stranger craft an equal anxiety prevailed. Gillespie stood in the beam, gazing at the advancing boat with a savage look that told with what feelings he regarded its occupants.

He had recognized the erect form of his enemy, and was more than once tempted to try what Tom had feared he would, the effect of a long shot at his rival.

But the very remote hope of success in such a shot deterred him, and he stood waiting with outward calmness the inevitable meeting.

He had at once caught the object of his pursuers, on first realizing that he was pursued, and had seen as well that a meeting could hardly be avoided. He thus kept resolutely on his course, as if determined to brave all the consequences of such a collision.

The excited movements on deck had roused Maggie from her long and bitter grief. She made her way up through the open cabin door, filled with the hope, from some words she had heard on deck, that succor for her was approaching.

Her first glance filled her soul with joy. That boat so near, and shooting through the water with such rapidity, did it not bear relief? That erect and noble form, could she mistake that? No, not for an instant. Her heart leaped wildly as she recognized her lover, Rob Gordon.

Her captor was too much engaged to heed her movements. She came up full on the deck, and with a gladdened heart marked the stern, set face of her betrothed as he stood with eyes only for his foe.

Nearer and nearer they came, they were on the very point of striking, the master of the Dart had slightly shifted his helm, so as to graze the side of the other, when with a quick shift of the helm the prow of the yacht swung round, her sail shivering, while the Dart, with the impetus she had gained, shot past at several feet's distance.

But Rob's excitement could not be contained. A quick, light spring as they passed landed him on the deck of the yacht, and with a fierce cry of triumph he rushed to grapple with his foe.

With as fierce an ejaculation the other prepared to meet him. At this critical instant Maggie rushed forward, beside herself with the intensity of her feelings.

"Oh, Rob! Rob!" she cried.

He glanced around at the cry, and took an involuntary step forward to meet her. That instant's distraction gave his foe an advantage which he did not hesitate to take.

Rob stood close by the bulwark, and ere he could withdraw his eyes from the dear form before him, he was seized in a powerful grasp, lifted bodily, and flung over the side into the swift, dark current that rolled beneath them.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 93.)

English Praise of Philadelphia Steamships.

A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writes to that journal as follows in praise of the life-saving arrangements on board the Philadelphia line of trans-Atlantic steamers. He says: "It ought to be extensively known that there is one line of trans-Atlantic packets which provides in all its ships not only the usual boats, but also life-rafts sufficient to carry all the crew and passengers. I refer to the American Steamship Company of Philadelphia, running regularly between Liverpool and Philadelphia, and it ought to be stated that it is an exclusively American company. Now, what the Americans can do may also be effected by the English, French, and German lines, and if the public desire to be spared a repetition of such appalling catastrophes as that connected with the Ville du Havre they will demand that similar provision be made in all the ships. The rafts are placed on each side of the deck under the davits; there is nothing to do in case of emergency but to cut the ropes by which they are lashed to the deck, which can be effected in one minute either by a hatchet or sailor's knife. Two or three men can tumble them over the bulwarks into the sea. It matters not which side comes uppermost, they ride above the waves even when covered with human beings, and there are ropes lashed all round to which drowning men can cling until lifted on the rafts. While others have been theorizing on the question, our practical trans-Atlantic cousins have solved the problem, and for eight or nine months have been running their vessels so provided with life-rafts. To make this plan widely known may be the best way to secure its general adoption."

The Habit of Tidiness.

Next in importance to the habit of self-help we would place that of personal tidiness. We do not care to guess how many American men and women sit down to breakfast every morning with their toilets half made, the men without collar and cravat, the women with unkempt hair, and the children resembling the parents in dress, as much as in feature. "But you see there are so many things to do in the morning—stock to feed, cows to milk, fires to make, milk to skim, children to dress, breakfast to get—that one can't spend much time fixing themselves up." All very true; but one doesn't go round barefooted in the morning, or without washing face and hands, because a habit the reverse of all that has been formed. "My hair is combed in the morning for all day before I leave my chamber," said an elegant housekeeper the other day, and she keeps no girl; and we couldn't help thinking the happiness her husband must have had just in the one particular of seeing her every morning for twenty years with smoothly-combed hair, and neat linen collar, opposite him at the breakfast table, and of the order and cleanliness in the household of which that one little item was an index. That "cleanliness is next to godliness," should be early and deeply impressed on every child, and it should be taught to shrink from uncleanness and untidiness as it shrinks from vice.

A Texas Winter.

A late writer says:—"My first visit to Houston was in winter, while snow was still on the ground even in parts of the southwest. One evening, after a long ride from the frontier of the Indian territory, I

Dropt into that magic land.'

It was late at night when the train arrived. I walked beneath skies which seemed Italian; the stillness, the warmth, the delicious dreaminess of the weather—a delicate languor pervading all—was almost intoxicating. A faint breeze blew through the lattice of my window at the hotel; there was a hint of perfume in it; the magnolias sent their welcome; the roses, the dense beds of fragrant blossoms, exhaled their greeting. All winter the roses bloom, and in the early spring and May the gardens are filled with them. The bayou which leads to Galveston, and is one of the main commercial highways between the two cities, is overhung by lofty and graceful magnolias; and in the season of their blossoming, one may sail for miles along the channel with the heavy, passionate fragrance of the queen-flower drifting around him."

What School-Girls Want.

A system of higher education for young women should, first of all, and I had almost said above all, guard her health, invigorate her constitution, develop her form, animate and irradiate her features, give color to her cheek, light to her eye, music to her voice, elasticity to her step, grace to her motions, the native hue of health, life and joy to her whole person. To this end, her education should be, not exactly gymnastic, although a well-applied and wisely conducted gymnasium is quite essential, but it should be largely calisthenic in the widest and best sense of that expressive word, so that the result shall be strength clothed with beauty, and beauty informed and enforced by strength. Give us one generation of such women, and Dio Lewis and Dr. Allen will both lose their vocation together, and the millenium, not of muscular Christianity, but of physical perfection, will already have begun.—*Scribner.*

A WOMAN'S VOW.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"OH, FOR ONE WORD FROM THE DEAD MAN'S LIPS!"

Dr. Chester's carriage stood before the entrance to the office of the "Eastern Telegraph Company," and the doctor himself sat quite composedly chatting with the president, while the operator dispatched this message to N——

"Hon. Earle Templeton.

"Answer at once if found.

"GEORGE CHESTER, M. D.

"London, 12.40."

In an hour the response came.

"Hon. E. T. is in London.

"JAMES BARRYCOURT, referee."

The doctor then finished his discussion, and returned to his conveyance.

In the meantime Earle Templeton sat in his own chamber in London the very picture of despair, and Carroll Tressylian occupied the chair to his left. They had arrived from N—— but an hour before.

"And you still insist upon leaving England," said Mr. Tressylian sadly, "when I have not seen you in all these years."

"Father, spare me," replied the other, bitterly. "The air of London, of England, suffocates me. She, your daughter can comfort you for a few months, and then if you wish I can return, for I shall have grown sane. Does it not strike you that it will be best for her that I should be away when these fearful disclosures are made."

"Yes," answered Mr. Tressylian. "I did not mean that you should be present—but—but—if you would only remain here—though apart, I might see you sometimes, and—"

"Do not argue with me upon that point, father, I pray you," he cried. "I must go, and at once if you would have me escape a mad-house. The farther from this accursed city the better. But you have promised me to explain why I did not always know you as my father, and bear your name. As you may imagine, it is the only matter of interest that life presents to me."

"That is soon explained," replied Mr. Tressylian, in a melancholy tone. "It was done, when I supposed no evil could ever result from it, to spare the feelings of my only parent, who had loved me with idolatrous devotion, and who died, as you may remember, only a few weeks after the celebration of my marriage to Florence Eglinston. My marriage with your mother, Earle, was truly an unfortunate one. I met her when I was too young to know anything of the world, and its myriad shades of character and crimes, and loving her with boyish impetuosity, I married her in three weeks from the day of our first meeting. The marriage of course was a profound secret, unknown to every relation she had except one female cousin and her father. This had been readily done at my suggestion to shield me from the stern displeasure of my father, of whom they had heard enough to feel assured that he would forever disinherit me on the slightest intimation of such an alliance; for the father of my wife was a poor French gentleman who lived in an almost starving condition on the borders of Wales, where he had married a plain English girl. The readiness with which they consented to such mad proposals from me, ought to have warned me that their sole object was to secure the fortune which I was to inherit; but love, as has been truly said, is blind, and I had no such idea at the time. My wife, however, had given her heart to a young Welchman before we met, and though gentle and lady-like to the end, I am persuaded that she welcomed death when it came to her but a few weeks after you, my son, were born. She had consented to marry me only to please her father, and as I believe, died of a broken heart for having done so."

"There was then no foundation for the story that I was even remotely related to Athol Templeton," said Earle.

"Yes," replied Mr. Tressylian. "Though it was very distant, and unrecognized. Your maternal grandfather had been expatriated for some cause, and had taken the name of his wife, which was Templeton. And hence your mother was known as Louise Templeton to the hour of her death."

"Then how came that superannuated madman, Athol Templeton, to delare that my father was murdered, and my mother perhaps the instigator of the deed?" asked the young man, bitterly.

"Your inquiry brings me to the saddest part of my narrative," replied Mr. Tressylian. "Hume Templeton, the eldest and best beloved son of old Athol, had been with me at Eton, at Oxford, and at Cambridge, and at the time I speak of we had been as inseparable as brothers. He had gone with me on that fatal hunting excursion when we first stopped one night to find shelter at Lodone, the ruinous old seat at which my wife's father resided. The female cousin, who, I informed you, was a witness of my marriage, was a Miss Marcia Templeton—a proud, beautiful, high-spirited woman. And Elizabeth Woodville did not appear with more grace before Edward IV. than she did before Hume Templeton. He too determined to risk all things for love, and but a week after my marriage he espoused her. But her high, proud spirit could not brook obscurity, and when she found herself about to become a mother, she persuaded Hume to throw himself at his father's feet, and confess all. The young man knew that he was defying the thunderbolt of Jupiter. Athol Templeton spurned him from his presence with the bitterest curses, and Hume, in a fit of desperation joined the army, and was killed in a private difficulty with a fellow-soldier in a few months. This Marcia Templeton had a brother—an abandoned, dissolute fellow whom I saw but once—and whom they called Barr Templeton. This man had married a short time previous, a girl of low connections, who was thought to be but half-witted, though very pretty, and after her marriage a disreputable associate of Barr Templeton began to make love to her. She seems to have kept aloof from him, and yet to have given him encouragement enough for him to commit a desperate crime. He murdered her husband, as many believed, with her consent. He was, however, immediately arrested, and in giving birth to a son the woman had died.

"A singular fatality seemed to hang over these unfortunate Templetons. My wife had died, leaving me an infant son. This woman and her child were dead, and within a few weeks the widow of Hume Templeton and her infant were buried together. Then it was, Earle, that your grandfather proposed to me to bring you up in the eyes of his household as the child of Barr Templeton, which he would affirm to be still living. For your mother had died, as it was supposed, in her maidenhood. This was done with a view to save you the inheritance that would ultimately come through me, for my father would undoubtedly have served me as Athol Templeton had Hume, and cut me off without a shilling. My wife having died as stated, there was no need for me to confess the marriage, but every reason as you see, why I should keep it a profounder secret than ever. You were then, as you will see, introduced to your grandfather's household as his unfortunate nephew. It was thus that old Athol Templeton had heard something of you. A few years afterward I took you away forever to be educated as my ward. And when you left school you had not a relation on your mother's side alive. For some time, that is, for a few weeks previous to my mysterious disappearance and supposed death, I had been deliberating whether it might not be best to explain these circumstances to you. And but one thing had caused me to hesitate. One of those old connections, Barr Templeton's wife's sister, had followed me up relentlessly, and was constantly threatening me with all those old, painful revelations as a means of extorting money. This woman had lived at Lodone as a sort of servant, because they had wished, if possible, to protect her from a life of worse degradation; but she eventually wandered off, and became, as I have said, a lawless outcast. What is it, Carlos?"

Earle Templeton's servant was looking in.

"Dr. Chester, sir, to see Mr. Templeton."

"You did not have him summoned, supposing I needed a physician?" began Earle, angrily.

"No, sir. He says, if you please, he wants to see you on a matter of business that can be dispatched in a moment."

"I do not care to offend him; but his visit is most inopportune. Where is he?"

"In your audience-room, sir."

Templeton followed the servant, and in a few moments was bowing coldly to his visitor.

"Pray be seated, doctor, and inform me how I can oblige you, as I understand your visit is one of business."

"I had fancied I might be able to oblige you, sir," returned George Chester, composedly. "Briefly, Mr. Templeton, there is an old outcast—a woman—whom I had all along thought delirious, dying in my hospital. For three weeks past she has been muttering your name and that of your old partner-at-law, Mr. Tressylian. To-day I have reason to believe her in her right mind. I had some difficulty in persuading her that Mr. Tressylian was dead. She then implored me to summon you to her side, as she was once a servant in the house of your parents, and declares that she holds a secret connected with your birth of which Mr. Tressylian and yourself were ignorant. She seemed so earnest at thought of the certain approach of death—and the visit of a scoundrel who she affirms has been bribing her to silence for twenty years, gave such coloring to her story this morning—that I thought it worth repeating to you. I think, should you be disposed to visit her, you will find her alive to-day. I cannot answer for her longer. The man whom she accuses of having bribed her to silence once bore the name of Lewis Hartman—though he has passed for some years under an alias."

"Ah!" in spite of Mr. Templeton's usual reserve he had for once manifested a startled interest.

"For the man's identity I can vouch, as I had occasion to give him a caning this morning."

"It is the man in whom I am interested," said Earle, endeavoring to appear calm. "If you can tell me where he is to be found you will oblige me indeed. The woman I presume is demented."

"I cannot serve you in that," replied Dr. Chester, rising. "The man, Hartman, as you may know, has for some years borne the name of Chelsea, and is one of the wealthiest untitled men in London."

"Good God!" cried Earle Templeton, now truly startled; "and I have met that man every day for the last six months, and could not for my life tell why his sinister face haunted me like a troubled, half-forgotten dream. Doctor, you have favored me indeed—some day you may know how greatly, and believe me, you have my thanks."

"You are quite welcome. You will not see the woman, Mr. Templeton?"

"Ah, I had forgotten her. In case I should conclude to do so, where might she be found?"

"At the Chester Hospital, Greenwich street. Name, Mrs. South, though I think they say she has veered to all points of the compass. Good-morning, Mr. Templeton."

"Doctor," said Earle Templeton, clasping his hand, "we are both men of few words. Your fortunes have prospered in a worldly sense, like my own. To me they have brought only wretchedness. I trust that you have been more fortunate; but should the time come in the changes and chances of life when I might serve you, pray remember that you have a claim upon my gratitude, which I would gladly prove to you."

And the two men parted. Dr. Chester to further usefulness, and Earle Templeton back into Mr. Tressylian's presence.

"I have found Lewis Hartman."

Mr. Tressylian sprang from his seat.

"Let that be done," he cried, "and I will die in peace. But tell me, I pray you, how and where?" And Earle Templeton related to him the doctor's story. He had forgotten to mention the old woman in the Chester Hospital, until the detective summoned by Mr. Tressylian had arrived and received his instructions.

"My God, Earle!" cried Mr. Tressylian, "the woman may have something of vital importance to relate. It is no doubt the servant-girl—the unfortunate sister of Barr Templeton's wife—of whom I was speaking to you not an hour ago. She has often declared that there was a secret connected with the story I related to you, of which I knew nothing. We must go to her without a moment's delay."

Carlos was sent to summon a carriage, and the instant it appeared they sprang into it.

"Chester Hospital," said Mr. Tressylian briefly to the driver, and they were driven rapidly to their place of destination.

"We wish to see an inmate who is very ill here—a Mrs. South," he said to the warden when they had arrived.

"It is Mrs. South now, and a while ago it was Mrs. North," muttered Thorpe. "Well, I dare say she is right, for she is going to a warm country as fast as a sinner ever did. This way, gentlemen," he added aloud. "The patient was sinking very fast an hour ago, you will hardly find her alive."

Mr. Tressylian and Earle Templeton—as we shall still call him—followed the warden with quick steps down the long corridor. At last the man opened the door and beckoned them to come in.

There was a small, clean room with a single bed and a shrunken, haggard figure lying upon it. One of the nurses sat at a window with a copy of the Times.

"Nurse, is the woman dead?" asked the ward-master.

"She is still breathing, sir, and mutters now and then; but she be almost gone."

"Warden," said Mr. Tressylian, "I have just seen Dr. Chester, and with his permission we are to be left alone for a few moments with this—this creature. I should like the nurse to arouse her if possible, and then retire."

"Mrs. South," cried the nurse, giving her patient a vigorous shake. "I say, Mrs. South, rouse up here, woman, you must take your toddy again now. That'll bring her back, sir, if anything will."

And in reality the dying woman opened her sunken eyes and rolled them hideously around.

"Give me the whisky. I'm a-gwine."

"Ah, it's about time!" replied the complacent nurse, giving her a spoonful of the stimulants, and preparing to retire. "Now, gentlemen, is your time, or it's lost forever in this world."

Mr. Tressylian approached the prostrate figure and bent over her. "Jane Markham," he said, slowly, but in a distinct voice, "look up once more; I, Carroll Tressylian, am here before you. You have asked to see me."

The woman once more opened her eyes wildly, and with a spasmodic effort pointed one bony finger toward him.

"There he is," she cried, in a choking voice. "They told me he was dead, but I knew he would come back in the end to torment me. Oh, why did I ever listen to proud Marcia or old Athol Templeton!"

"Jane," said Mr. Tressylian, "listen to me while you have time. This is no ghost that you see, but Carroll Tressylian in flesh and blood, summoned to receive your dying confession by the doctor who has attended you. And this is the child of poor Adela—my son as he now knows himself to be—Earle Templeton Tressylian."

"Ah, wo, wo!" cried the dying woman. "Carroll Tressylian, you are all wrong, all wrong. Oh, why was I bribed to be silent all these years by the monster Hartman and his mad wife! But you must know better. The sealed papers that they gave you from Lodone about this boy, all about him, and which you were to open only at Athol Templeton's death, would tell you—must have told you how you have been duped in all these years. Where are those papers? There was a letter for him from my mistress."

"The papers!" exclaimed Mr. Tressylian, aghast. "I—let me see. My God, I gave them to the young man, Ralph Thornton, to keep, and deliver to Earle when I was last married, in case I should not live to return to N—. And—and he was to bring them back to me on the very night of my fatal disappearance. I had supposed them but some old family records that it would be best even my friends should never dream of. And Ralph Thornton died in shame and ignominy soon after. Earle, did he say nothing to you of a box of papers in his possession left for you?"

"Poor young man! He must have been so stupefied by the evidence against him that he had little time to remember anything else," replied Templeton, unable to see how all the papers in the world could affect them, now that the secret of his birth was known.

"Give me a mouthful of spirits," gasped the woman. "The boy is cold and proud, cold and proud like her. Carroll Tressylian, those papers would tell you that—that— Oh, God, one spoonful of whisky!"

"What would they tell?" asked Mr. Tressylian, wonderingly, as he put the spoon to her mouth. The woman swallowed convulsively and half sprang up in bed.

"There she is!" she cried. "Those papers would tell you that he is her son. Oh, God forgive me! It was for the child's sake she said. The boy was to pass for your son who had died—he—he—"

Earle Templeton had sprung to his feet as if electrified. "Do you hear her," he cried in wild joy to Mr. Tressylian. "She says that some fraud was secretly practiced—that I am not your son, that Angela Tressylian may not have one drop of my blood in her veins. Just Heaven, the woman is gasping for breath. For all the world contains do not let her die until her story is finished. Give me the glass. She must be stimulated—anything if she will but explain."

He had passed his arm under the woman's head, he would have done so had she been dying with small-pox, and now eagerly thrust the glass between her lips. There may have been a taste of the stimulants—the ruling passion strong in death—and she opened her set teeth. Then she gave an agonized gasp, a strangled cough, and throwing up both hands fell back dead.

"Go for Chester," cried Earle frantically. "She shall not, must not die," and he threw himself on the floor beside her. A faint hope had dawned for one moment in his soul, and it was so bitter to crush it out.

"My son," said Mr. Tressylian sadly, "the poor, wretched creature is dead beyond all recall. Her words must have been but the raving of delirium. Think too, what a crime such thoughts must be to you, and for God's sake banish them. Come, let us go hence. I long to hear of the arrest of that scoundrel Hartman. Come."

"Yes," cried Templeton, madly, as he gathered himself up. "Let us go. But my object will be to hunt those papers up through the wide world until they are found. Do not ask me. I must not, cannot call you father again, for I will never believe but that God ordained I should love her."

"Earle, Earle!" exclaimed Mr. Tressylian, "you will drive me mad. What would she—what would the world say?"

"You are right," replied Templeton, hanging his head. "I believe I am going mad. But at any rate these papers will set all at rest, and I shall find them."

The two men drove back home in silence. At the door Mr. Tressylian was met by a messenger announcing that Lewis Hartman Chelsea was under arrest and desired to speak with him at once.

Templeton was no sooner left alone than he began preparations for a visit to Dr. Chester. "He knew those Thorntons," he thought. "He may at least be able to tell me if any of them are on the face of the earth to-day, and if so I shall find them."

"A lady to see you, sir," said Carlos, briefly.

"Tell her I am engaged," said Templeton, sharply. "I am this moment going out."

"But you must hear me first, Earle Templeton. The time has come."

A woman's figure clad in black had silently followed, and now pushing by the astonished servant, stood before him.

"Earle Templeton, can you guess to-day who I am?"

"You are Mrs. Chelsea," he answered, evenly, "the wife of the unfortunate miscreant who has just been arrested, and you have come to remind me of the claim you have upon my gratitude. Carlos, you can retire. Now, madam, I will hear you, but pray be brief."

She had advanced toward him with all the concentrated loathing of twenty years in face and voice.

"To-day," she said, "I will drop all disguise. You may know me as I am, for my course is accomplished. Do you remember a man whom you sentenced nearly twenty years ago to be hung for the murder of Carroll Tressylian?"

"I remember a man whom the law sentenced," replied Templeton, in a strangely husky voice.

"You were the maker of the law that day," cried the woman, "for on your lips every word assumed a tenfold significance, and you had decreed his punishment. Can you recall his name?"

"It was Ralph Thornton."

"Then you may also recollect that Ralph Thornton had a sister?"

"I do," said Templeton, quickly. "And I would give all I possess on earth to know that she is alive to-day."

"Man! that sister stands triumphant, after twenty years of patient waiting, before you now. I am Lilian Thornton."

"Then," cried Templeton, wildly, "behold me in the dust at your feet. Oh, my God! if the sacrifice of my own life could bring that brother back to us here, how gladly would I lay it down but to obtain one secret he held in his keeping."

"God has heard me at last!" exclaimed Lilian, who in spite of all the bitter years still retained a weird beauty that could not fail to impress all who beheld her. "And Ralph, my darling Ralph, is avenged. It is the secret of your birth, which you half-wrung from the woman just dead, that you would obtain?"

"Yes—in mercy, yes."

"Mercy!" she laughed, scornfully. "Do you remember when I appealed to you for mercy once in behalf of the man you were sending to a shameful death?'

"In the agony of this hour for the first time I remember it."

"Then such mercy, Earle Templeton, as you granted to me, will I now show to you, and no other."

"I know—I know he was innocent. Carroll Tressylian still lives and is here."

"He still lives!" she cried. "Oh, God! even their dead can come back to them, while mine have perished in eternal shame. And he still tells you that the woman you have loved last and best, and have wooed to be your wife, is your sister."

"If you have aught of woman's heart in your breast, have compassion. You see how I suffer." He stood before her, his proud head bowed in humility.

"Heart of woman!" she repeated. "You turned it to stone by your own brutal obduracy. Ah, I see indeed that you suffer, and it is for this I have worked."

"You have then triumphed," pleaded Templeton, humbly. "What more can you ask? You knew the woman just dead. She may have told you her story. Mr. Tressylian had given to your brother, Ralph, but a few days before his fatal arrest, a packet of sealed papers for me that would have explained all. They must have fallen to you. Give them to me in mercy, and you will make me your slave for life or death!"

"You think the secret that might yet enable you to wed Angela Tressylian is in my hands!"

"Yes."

"And what would you give to know?"

"Give!" he cried out terribly. "I would crawl on my knees to that supposed felon's grave, and pouring my heart out in the dust in a wild entreaty for pardon, would go through the broad earth, with the tramp of Ahasuerus, to proclaim him innocent of the deed for which he suffered."

"And would that bring him back in his fresh, joyous youth, to my blighted, desolate heart?" she exclaimed, bitterly. "No, Earle Templeton, they have called me mad, and I may have been, but something whispered me that this hour would come, and for the crown of England I would not to-day forego its triumph. Suffer! aye, suffer! I have known it all these years, and it is but meet that your shoulders should receive the burden, when mine have been crushed under it. It was for this I spared you."

"Woman, be still!"

"Not yet. I say it was for this I forbore to take your life on the night that fearful sentence was passed. It was for this, when he had ended his own life, I sacrificed every natural affection of my woman's nature, and married a man I loathed!"

"And still the bitter fruit of your own ill-doing recoils upon your head," replied Templeton, with a momentary sense of triumph in spite of her. "Woman, you had taken to your bosom the asp that had stung you. It was Lewis Hartman, and none other, so help me God, who had caused Mr. Tressylian to be abducted, and as he thought, afterward murdered, for the sake of the great fortune which he would then inherit."

She looked up at him with a deathly terror in her wan face.

"Can—can that be true?" she faltered in a whisper. He might have spared her yet, but he too was relentless.

"I swear it," he cried. "But a moment since, tidings of the arrest of your husband were brought to Mr. Tressylian here, and he will now suffer for the deed."

"And I have been living all the while on the price of Ralph's blood!" she repeated with a shudder, seeming to think only of that, as she pressed her hands across her heart. "God's ways are mysterious. I must surely die to-day."

"And still you will not forgive."

"Forgive!" she exclaimed with increased fierceness. "No—not even in the world to come. Does it make it better for me to bear, that you forced me to consort with my brother's real assassin? There is but a prouder exultation in your fall. I know what your life has been and must be, and I glory in it as my work. Who was it, think you, that when you had counted to take the wealthy daughter of Alvarez to your bosom, brought Miss Worthington to your room to arouse the other's jealousy, and foiled you in every effort there?"

"And broke the heart of Nina Alvarez," he said. "There is a murder that you may lay at your own door. You can no longer accuse me."

"It was her own blind infatuation," cried Lilian. "Yet then I would have slain her with my own hands to make you suffer. Remember it was I who nursed you through the perils of that railroad disaster, that you might go on to Paris and slay her brother—for I knew your steady, murderous hand."

"Woman!" he exclaimed, in agony—for the memory of that deed still smote him like a knife—"you shall taunt me no longer. At least you shall leave me alone in my despair!"

"A moment more, and I have done with you forever. I had the secret of your life long years ago, from this woman just dead. I bribed her, as she knew, with far higher price than you could have done; and I took her abroad to avoid the possibility of your meeting. When you first took Angela Tressylian from school, I knew at once what my final revenge would be. I have sung your praises in her willing ear—have told her of all your sufferings, and your great gifts, until she loves you, as you do her."

"Woman, begone; or I may be tempted to forget your sex, and slay you on my own hearth."

"Such a fate would be mercy to me. And yet you must live on to suffer. One other word. I will tell you. I have every reason to think Angela Tressylian is not your sister; that she has not one drop of your blood in her veins. But if I could establish that fact beyond all shadow of doubt to the world and you, I would suffer all the tortures of the Inquisition, I would have the tongue torn from my mouth with red-hot pincers, before it should divulge one word to you, though you crawled on your knees to me every day for a life-time through these broad streets of London to implore my forgiveness. And now, Earle Templeton, we part; never more to meet again in this world."

A moment more and Lilian Thornton had vanished as she had come. And into that room the shadows of eternal night seemed falling, where Earle Templeton lay extended across the floor, sobbing in passionate, frenzied, repentant, despairing agony!

CHAPTER L.

CONCLUSION.

Lewis Hartman sat in the police station-house defiantly smoking a cigarette.

"Gentlemen," he cried, gayly, to the surrounding officers, "it is all a farcical mistake, as you will see. Some clever impostor is trying to palm himself upon the public as the veritable, late lamented Carroll Tressylian, but he will be easily exposed. The individual in question was, as we all know, murdered nearly twenty years ago."

"No, Hartman," said a voice behind him, that sent a perceptible shiver through the culprit's frame, "your accomplices reported me dead rather too soon. Through the miracles of God, my life was spared. And I am here to-day to confront you. And, unblushing scoundrel that you are, you must prepare to meet the severest penalties of the law."

Hartman attempted to stand out boldly for a few moments; but even his legal adviser who had been summoned, after listening to Mr. Tressylian for a few moments, warned him to be careful in his statements. After that he seemed to lose confidence, and maintained a dogged silence for the remainder of the interview. As Mr. Tressylian and other gentlemen left the station-house, he was seen, by one of the officers on guard, to pass his hand quickly to his mouth. The officer's suspicions were aroused after a few moments, and on approaching Hartman he found that he was already dead.

To prevent the just punishment of his crimes, he had taken prussic acid.

Mr. Tressylian returned home to find Earle Templeton, as he at first believed, dead upon the floor. He summoned the nearest physician in great alarm. Templeton's unconsciousness proved to be only a death-like swoon; but his life was declared to be in the greatest danger.

The leading physicians of London were summoned; and amongst them came Dr. Chester.

"There has been some powerful tax upon mind and body, which both, strong as they were, were unable to bear," he said to Mr. Tressylian. "Our only hope is that both gave way before they were tried to exhaustion."

For four days these men talked learnedly at his bedside; and could come to no conclusion.

The sick man was constantly muttering in his delirium, calling for Angela, his lost darling, and for Ralph Thornton; and then he would go into the wildest entreaties for pardon of some one.

Mr. Tressylian, with feelings of the deepest humility, confided the secret of this great mental burden to Dr. Chester; and the latter listened with evident pity.

There was no alternative but to send for Miss Tressylian.

On the fifth day, Dr. Chester drove up with an unknown man, and asked to see Mr. Tressylian alone. The latter found his visitors awaiting him in one of the parlors.

"Mr. Tressylian," said the stranger, advancing to meet him with cheery voice and manner, "no man on earth could have been as glad to hear that you were really alive, and as delighted to see you now, as I am; though you have caused me more suffering than all the rest of the world could have done. But I know that your kind heart has given me many a regretful sigh. Do you not know me yet, sir? I am Ralph Thornton!"

"Ralph Thornton!" cried Mr. Tressylian, in incredulous amazement. "Ralph Thorton! The voice and the face too, now that I see more clearly, though older and more careworn, are his. But, man, poor Ralph died, to my lasting regret, these many years ago."

"Died to the world, sir," said the same cheerful voice that it had been a pleasure in those old times to hear. "But in the goodness of God he still lives to you, and all those who trusted or befriended him. It is the same Ralph, sir, though the world at Coldham fancies me safely hid away beneath the sod for these eighteen years."

"Doctor," said Mr. Tressylian, turning, with a bewildered look, "am I dreaming, or have the days of miracles returned? My own preservation was incredulous enough, but this passes my comprehension."

"It is soon explained," said Dr. Chester, coming forward. "I knew Ralph Thornton to be as innocent of the crime imputed to him as I myself had been. I had told the court that the witness, Tom Jones, was a positive madman, and that his whimsical story was without one particle of foundation, conjured from his distorted fancy by the horrors of the supposed murder; but there was such method in his madness, that the court refused to hear. My next effort was to save the prisoner at all hazards, and this I did at the peril of my own life. There was in London at that time an obscure vender of eastern herbs, who had affirmed that he could produce a sleep so nearly resembling death that a learned body of physicians, in a careless examination, would never distinguish between them. I had seen this man under the influence of such a powder himself, and had thought him dead for some hours. Of course there is a danger resulting in death in half the cases where it is taken. Under the most solemn vow never to impart the secret to any one while he remained in the country, except to the wife of the condemned man whose life the intelligence might save, I secured a single powder of him, and gave it to Ralph on the evening before the day appointed for his execution. You may imagine the rest. In the dead of night I recalled him to life by vigorous antidotes, and with my own hands fastened down his coffin before morning."

Brave, true heart! He said nothing of all that his maintained oath of secrecy had cost him.

"And I have lived abroad since," said Ralph. "But, thank Heaven, since 'The Coldham Mystery' is all explained, and Mr. Tressylian was never killed at all, I can return without fear of being hung over again."

Reader, there is but little more for us to say. The papers left in Ralph Thornton's hands, and forgotten even by him for all these years, were found where he had placed them, behind an unknown sliding panel of his room in the old cottage at Coldham. They were eagerly examined by Mr. Tressylian, and proved from the general confession of the last of the Lodone Templeton's, that the child of Carroll Tressylian's first wife had died during his absence, and that the infant son of Hume and Marcia Templeton had been substituted in its place, in order that it might thus escape the persecutions of old Athol Templeton, who had ever anathematized its memory.

Disease had laid its relentless hand on Lilian Thornton, and she lived only a few weeks after Ralph was restored to her; but long enough to see how great and fatal a mistake she had made in attempting to take vengeance, which can belong only to God, in her own hands. She had an interview with George Chester at the close, and died blessing him for the good he had done.

It was a year later that the great physician quietly took pretty Lucile Weston to his splendid home. He had resolved never to marry while Lilian Thornton lived.

Old Athol Templeton, having dragged out his suffering existence to the age of ninety years, relapsed from his long-continued stupor into death about this time; and Earle Templeton, who had risen up from his long illness a stronger, because a better and a greater man, at once established his claims to the birth-right of Templeton, happy at last in the love of Angela Tressylian.

THE END.

LUCKY OMENS.

Pat kindly the head of the first lamb of spring, if you have the chance; it will bring prosperity to you and yours; but avoid the innocent creature if it presents its tail to view. Hail the first hearing of the cuckoo's voice with thankfulness, if he salutes you on the right hand—then his greeting is an assurance you will make your way in the world, and attain the highest object of your ambition; and begrudge not a sip of good liquor to the busy, curious, thirsty fly, dropping into your glass, but welcome the intruder as heartily, if not as poetically, as Oldys did; he brings good luck to the glass and the drinker, too.

To come suddenly upon a couple of magpies, to pick up a pin lying with its head toward you, to find—of course, without seeking—a four-leaved clover, or a bit of old iron, is a matter for rejoicing; if the iron take the shape of a rusty nail or an old horse-shoe, the omen is so much the more fortunate. Absent-minded and careless dressers are likely to be often in luck's way. To put on any garment wrong side out, provided we are not neat enough to spoil the charm, is an infallible prognostic that something is about to happen which will profit the sloven greatly. Mr. Village tells us, in the Connoisseur, how his pretty country cousin came down to breakfast one morning with her cap on wrong side out, whereupon her mother solemnly charged the heedless lassie not to alter her headgear all the day for fear she should change the luck. When the conqueror was arraying himself on the morning of Hastings, some one hinted he would get the worst of the coming bout, because, in his haste, he had donned his mail shirt hind part before; but the ready-witted and confident Norman declared it to be a token that he was about to be transformed from a duke into a king, an interpretation at any rate not to be disputed a few hours later.

Trouble will never come near folks whose eyebrows meet. Ladies with over-much down, gentlemen with over-much hair on their arms and hands, carry about them Nature's own guarantee that they are born to be rich some day, as rich as those happy individuals whose front teeth are set wide apart. Steel belongings, such as keys and knives, get rusty by instinct, spite of all pains to keep them clean and bright, when some kind-hearted soul is laying up riches for their owner's benefit. To find a spider upon one's clothes indicates some money is coming to us. The moral of which, Fuller says, is this: "Such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature may, by God's blessing, weave themselves into wealth and procure a plentiful estate." The appearance of a white speck upon a finger-nail, warns the owner of the finger that a gift is on its way, and the same pleasant notification is made by the itching of the palm of the right hand; but in that case it is best to make assurance doubly sure, and rub the said palm against wood, then "it is sure to be good."—*Chamber's Journal.*

Smoking in Spain.

But if drinking to excess is rare, smoking is universal. No one pretends to ask permission for his cigar, even in a railway carriage. Everybody smokes, and everywhere. In some hotels a label is posted in the dining-room not to smoke. But nobody minds it. The attempt to enforce it would scatter all the Spanish guests in the house. With the notice in full view, with more than sixty ladies and gentlemen dining at the table-d'hote, the gentlemen would smoke between the courses, and then resume their eating. The thought never occurs to any of them that it may be a nuisance.

Perhaps by advertising a reward for the discovery, it might be possible to find a man in Spain who does not smoke. Yet, strange to say, the culture of tobacco in Spain is forbidden by law. The soil and climate are favorable, and its cultivation has been a great success. But by that kind of legislation or decree peculiar to Spain, and constantly reminding one of the Chinese, the mother country, Spain, is prohibited from raising tobacco, in order that the daughter, Cuba, may have the monopoly. The right of importation is sold to contractors, who make a great business of it. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the Spaniards began to get tobacco from America, and they have been getting more of it ever since. In 1860 they smoked seven millions of cigars, and cigars are not the thing they usually smoke. They have their tobacco rolled up in little bits of paper, and these they carry in their pockets, with matches. Often they carry the tobacco and the paper separately, and make a cigarette when they want it, making one while smoking another. These interesting manufactures are not peculiar to Spain; they are common in our own country, but not so general. The weed is used only for smoking and snuffing in Spain. I cannot learn that it is chewed at all.

Children smoke at an earlier age in Spain than in other countries. It is not uncommon for them to begin at six, or even five years of age. And they never leave it off till they die. Ladies smoke. Not often do we see them with a cigarette in their pretty mouths on the street, or in the cars, but in the café and in the drawing-room they enjoy it, as well as in the boudoir and the bath. By cool fountains, in a marble paved patio, among the orange-trees, or lolling at noon on their silken-hung couches, they love to smoke.

Worth, The Paris Dressmaker.

Six or eight miles from Paris, on the Versailles route, lies the pretty town of Suresnes, at the foot of Mount Valerian, and in front of the Bois de Boulogne. On the opposite side of the street, near the railway station, rises from within a high garden wall a red brick château in the form of a letter L, with a towered and turreted roof. It is the residence of Worth, the Napoleon of costumers. Being in Suresnes one Sunday afternoon with a friend, and having previously been invited by the proprietor to visit his château, we improved the opportunity by sending in our cards. A tall lackey in imposing shirt front, who seemed to be holding guard over the garden gate, led us into a vestibule that was like a small museum of faïence. Everything was faïence except the chairs we sat in and the fountain that bubbled up in the centre of the room. We had barely more than time to cast our eyes about us, and send them on a promenade down the opening view before us, exclaiming, "What a marvelous place!" when a second person appeared, and said he would conduct us to "Monsieur Vort." He led us through a vista of rooms, hardly separated from each other save by a drapery of curtains—a succession of apartments of a unique magnificence totally unexpected.

"Isn't it Aladdin's palace?" whispered Dane, while I pinched myself to make sure I was still myself. We had both visited numerous palaces of kings, and of such princes as eat up the people's money in Italy, Austria, and Germany, so we were not verdant enough to be dazzled by commonplace palaces. But for the first time we were dazed, and while in that stupefied state in came "Monsieur Vort" in a flowing gray robe that fell to his heels, lined with pale yellow, with a deep vest to match, and numerous other overlapping appliances that modified and gave elegance to a costume as unique as it was comfortable.

"So you really have kept your promise, and come!" he exclaimed, cheerily. "For the moment I am very busy with my workmen, for you know I only have Sundays to myself, and if you would like to visit the winter garden, my son will go with you."

"My son," a young man of seventeen years, who had the look of a man of twenty-two, led us to the foot of the garden, which was a small journey, through a hedge-rowed path, bloomed over with morning glories and full blossomed vines, into a conservatory of the rarest, most curious and beautiful exotics, from tiny plants to tall fern palms. A grotto fountain in the centre, with its top heaped high with tropical plants, was a study for a gardener. There were air plants and water plants, sand plants and earth plants, orchids, and begonia leaves huge enough for a parapluie, and great vines stretching across the conservatory, and sending down clumps of thread-like tendrils to take root like a banyan tree. Near the winter garden were piles of stones—demolitions from the Palace of the Tuileries, a jumble of carvings in various degrees of perfection and ruin, that were to enter into the construction of an adjoining hot-house.

From the garden we returned to the château, going first to see the stable and horses. Each horse had before his eyes the mystic "W" in illumination. He had a marble basin for his oats and another for his drink. He was blanketed, had his tail sheared, and the neatest stable a horse ever dreamed of. The brass rings and ornaments of the equrie were polished like mirrors. Two lengths of fresh straw matting overlapping each other kept the straw from extending beyond the proper limits. Adjoining was a hospital for sick horses in case any of these high-blooded sorrels should be so indiscreet as to become ill.

Then we visited the dogs, nine of them, large and small, and ugly and less ugly.

Then we went to the palace of the birds. An immense parrot, vain in his plumage of green and gold, was perched on his throne in the vestibule. Our guide assured us that his majesty, the bird, would allow no body else to touch him, and taking hold of the tips of the macaw's wings, he spread them out like a pair of fans to show off the bird's magnificence of plumage. The bird palace had a plaited wire front, and the walls of the interior, a sort of coru-colored stucco work, were dotted all over in a haphazard sort of fashion with bits of mirrors as if the walls had been plastered on a large looking-glass, leaving here and there spots uncovered. Before these reflectors of vanity the birds perch themselves to perk their heads and sing their operettes. There was an army of them, lovely songsters from the four corners of the earth, with many of them far too pretty and proud to sing at all. We said good-bye to the birds, and began a tour of the château by climbing a winding staircase, built in one of the towers, like all in the house, and stopping in the dining-room to be refreshed by some cakes and a glass of wine.

The kitchen is at the top of the house.

There are no odors from the chef's kingdom. The skies receive all the savory smells that rise from the frying-pan and the stew-kettle. The food is sent down to the dining-room in a "lift."

The dining-room is not large, as if built for state dinners. The chairs of carved wood are upholstered with leather, with gilt ornamentations; wood-work carved to match. Every-day table-service, Sèvres; for extra occasions, Sèvres. If Mr. Charles Frederick Worth has a "hobby," it is for painted porcelain and faïence. I remember one salon where the walls were covered with Sèvres porcelain of most exquisite workmanship, the plates being let into the walls by concaves made for them, and held in place by silver buttons.

All the rooms merit a better description than I can give, for I saw so much that I freely confess to having things hopelessly mixed. One salon had a floor in the most exquisite marquetry imaginable. There was a Persian mat before a pedestal, on which was a bust of Madame Worth. The chairs were upholstered in damask, with brocaded flowers in velvet with the pile half an inch high. Silken window-curtains with borders to match.

The library was finished in dark carved wood. A bay-window was painted in small tablets representing the various books of the Bible. The view from this window was something to be remembered. In the distance was Paris, bounding the plain like the walls of an amphitheatre. The window-curtains in some dark stuff were bordered with medallions filled with portraits in needle-work of the historical costumes of France. There were busts of French writers; a case of coins; bronzes; mementoes, one of which was a portrait of Nilsson, which she had presented to Mr. Worth, with her grateful thanks for kindness he had shown her. The door of the library was convex, the two parts closing like the half of a cylinder. I must conclude by the mention of a few salient points. All the rooms in the château are rather low. The floors are of inlaid woods, or in mosaic. There are family portraits—one of Worth in the costume of the Shah of Persia, of Madame Worth in that of some queen, and of the two sons, when children, in princely costumes, one of the boys being painted in a girl's dress. There is a fine bust of Napoleon the First, and one of Worth the First. Both of the latter is his portrait in oil, taken when he was quite young, and a very handsome picture it is. There are quaintly and richly inlaid old cabinets of two hundred years ago, leopard-skins in abundance, and the large mat which covers the centre of the floor of the family sitting-room is in squares of leopard-skins and Axminster. There is a billiard-room, and as we were there the day before Mrs. Worth's birthday, the table had begun to receive the gifts for the fête, one being a rare and curious set of old faïence. The tidies on the chairs stretch simply across the top of the back, and are of the finest linen, with borders six inches deep in duchesse lace patterns. The bath room contains a bed, set against a mirror-wall, which duplicates the room, a marble bath-tub sunk in the floor, a porcelain stove with a glass front, which reflects the light and heat from a gas-burner, which, being concealed, gives a magical effect. Almost in the centre of the house is a greenery, large enough and fresh enough in its foliage and falling water to make one half-fancy himself in a forest. The carriage entrance to the château is under an immense glass-roofed court. At one side of the house, and sheltered by its different sides and angles, is a garden, with an open gallery connecting different portices roofed with glass in the form of a whale's back, the glass shingles ending in a scallop. Between each of these hangs a pendant globe of glass. The portico of one door has a stained glass roof, with a fringe of gilt balls. When this garden portico is illuminated for a soiree, as well as the house, no idea can be conceived of its splendor.

Mr. Worth was himself engaged in directing the work in a nearly completed room that was to be an immense apartment for camellias. The floor in mosaic was laid in a series of designs, a section of eyes in mosaic, then of butterflies, then fishes, etc. A row of square red brick columns on two opposite sides were spotted over in regular design with plates of blue and white faïence, giving a very curious but striking effect. Vines were to be trained overhead, so that the illumination should fall through the foliage. Large portions of the outside walls of the house are overgrown with ivy.

The château is evidently Mr. Worth's pride. During the war it was occupied successively by the French and German troops. They fenced the grass-plats of the garden with wire, laid down boards of deal over the elegant floors, and after weeks of being quartered in the palace, left it without having injured it a particle. The owner had just reason to be grateful, as he had already spent ten years' time on its construction and embellishment.

There is probably no other house in this world or another like unto it. It is original from beginning to end, and every nook and corner, whether of its architecture or furnishing, bears the unmistakable evidence of having been the result of the owner's own design.

After we had "done" the château we had tea in the dining-room, with dainty cakes and wafer slices of buttered bread. The tablecloth and napkins came in for their share of artistic construction. But as I must stop somewhere, let it be here, and turn to the man himself.

Mr. Worth is a native of Lincolnshire, England. His father was a lawyer. Upon some of the windows of the Suresnes château are engraved the escutcheons of the family, which some of the French facetiously interpret as "une noblesse de Robe." From some family misfortune the children were obliged to abandon their studies and seek their own livelihood. At twenty Charles Frederick came to Paris to learn French and to find work. He found employment as a cutter in the maison de modes Gagelin, and the lady, whom he at once fell in love with, and soon after married, was also employed there in the capacity of demoiselle de magasin. It was in this house, at the time of their marriage, that they began work upon their own account, and founded the establishment, which has since become world-renowned. The work-shops (ateliers) are immense in size and number. Each one has its specialty; one for the corsage, one for the jupons, another for turning, etc., etc. About a thousand work-people are employed in the confection of robes and costumes, which are sent to all parts of the world. The models of new designs are first made in muslin, to note the effect, and everything that goes out of the shop is fashioned under the superintendence of Mr. Worth himself. His activity is indefatigable. Often when a dress is finished which fails to please him, he has it quite taken to pieces and re-made. He accepts an order for no sort of a dress for less than twenty pounds—which is not an extravagant price when one considers that his ateliers are in the most expensive part of Paris, and that the materials and designs he furnishes are first-class and original. Although Mr. Worth is not a man to be afraid of if one has a liberal exchequer, women say that they often climb the stairs to his elegant rooms in the Rue de la Paix with fearfully beating hearts, and when once in his presence are actually afraid to say what they want and how they want it. That is what might in truth be called a "cringing slave of fashion." Yet, Mr. Worth declares that he has any amount of trouble with women—that they want to wear clothes that do not become them, and a superabundance of trimming that is far from good taste. We remarked to him once, "Here you are arbiter of what women shall wear. Invent us a walking costume, pretty and becoming, and in which we can walk with as much ease and as little fatigue as men do in theirs."

"I have," he exclaimed, "but you won't wear it. I do not see the slightest objection to women wearing trowsers with a tunic, as I have wanted them to. And there is the Persian costume, which is the perfection of beauty and grace."

In person Mr. Worth is of medium English height, strongly but not stoutly built. He has black eyes, hair and mustache dark, and a fully developed forehead, which a phrenologist would doubtless say is crammed with form, perception, color, etc. He is not a bit "Frenchy." He retains much of the bluntness which characterizes the English, and has "taken on" very little of the suavity that characterizes the French. He is modest and unaffected in manner, and would pass for an unassuming, honest, common-sense sort of a man, thoroughly conscientious in a profession which he has raised to the dignity of a fine art.

He is not far from forty years of age, and has the appearance of a man who lives temperately and simply. I doubt if he smokes even. He rides into Paris every morning on horseback, usually reaching his business about nine o'clock, and often remaining in the evening until ten. He has two sons, one nineteen and the other seventeen—both well-bred and well-educated young fellows. The youngest has much of his father's genius for invention, and may one day be Worth the Second.

☞ Four newspaper reporters are candidates for the Nova Scotia Legislature.

A DESERTED CITY.

A Walk Through the Silent Streets of a Once Bustling California Town.

A correspondent furnishes an interesting story of one of the strangest towns on the continent—Meadow Lake, Cal. It is, says, the writer, the California Pompeii, the years of whose antiquity one can reckon on the fingers of his hands; whose entombing lava is the summit snow storms which sometimes bury it twenty-five feet deep on the level, and whose annual exhumation is brought about by the summer sun. Until 1858 nothing had been done in the way of protecting this region. In that year the South Yuba Canal Company constructed a dam 1 150 feet long and 42 feet high, and at the apex 15 feet wide, across a creek a tributary to the Yuba River. The immense structure is built entirely of solid granite, without a particle of cement or wood entering into its composition. Thus was created an artificial lake or reservoir two miles long north and south, from 300 yards to three quarters of a mile wide, and from 10 to 30 fathoms deep. This is Meadow Lake, from which this strange city derives its appellation.

It was not until the summer of 1865 that the new adventurous spirits succeded in attracting public attention to the new Dorado. The first impulse proceeded from Virginia City, Nev. From June until Autumn they came; by hundreds and hundreds they came, thronging over the arid, alkaline roads from Washoe to Meadow Lake. In July, 1865, a public meeting was called—the first ever held—the mining laws of Nevada county, California adopted by acclamation, and the name Meadow Lake formally given to the town previously called Excelsior and Summit City. Soon after began the location of claims.

Meadow Lake was surveyed and laid out as a town, covering a plat of 160 acres. It contained spacious streets eighty feet wide, with the blocks divided into lots of sixty feet frontage and eighty feet in depth; and midway through the blocks ran broad, healthy alleyways sixteen feet wide.

With the close of the fall of 1865, the new city contained about one hundred and fifty houses completed, and a number of others in course of construction. Then came a time during which the question, "What's going to be done next?" was uppermost in the minds of the adventurers. Finally, one by one, they departed, until only about two hundred persons remained to suffer through the long and dreary winter which ensued. Early the next spring, however, the returning tide set in, four thousand persons arriving during the months of May and June. Corner lots rose to exorbitant rates; buildings went up rapidly, and, to cap the climax, a stock board was organized.

But even this farce in time came to an end, and the unfortunate adventurers soon awoke to the sad reality that though there was plenty of gold there, it was so combined with some substance, unknown to the metallurgists, that it was effectually locked up from the hands of man. And so all the dreams and the black art, the science, the metallurgy, and the blow-pipe, were set at naught. One after another, as they abandoned hope, the disappointed gold-seekers turned their backs on Meadow Lake, and went down the mountain. More than $2 000 000 had been poured into that bottomless abyss of California known as "dead work," to pay for mills, roads, buildings, mining, etc., not including the immense amount of work otherwise employed—say $3 000 000.

Besides this town of over 600 houses, which was more handsome and substantial than most mountain mining towns, and the eight quartz mills, with their ponderous machinery and heavy expense, there were built the neighboring villages of Osaville, Carlyle, Paris and Mendoza, all of which together contained probably a hundred houses. About forty miles of good stage roads were constructed; stations and stables built along at regular intervals; forests levelled widely around; lines of stages established; caravans of huge mountain freight wagons set in motion, and all the thousand-and-one appliances of civilized life provided. All this, and ten thousand other things, done in one brief summit summer, gives us an idea of the prodigious energy of the gold-seeker, which goes far to cover up his follies and his crimes.

Last year a resident of Grass Valley had the curiosity to visit the place in the dead of winter, a feat which he could accomplish only with snow-shoes. On these great runners, twelve or fifteen feet long, he scaled the Arctic summits of the Sierra Nevada, descending into the valley where lies Meadow Lake, gliding through its empty streets on a level with the second-story windows, and hove to before one of the commodious hotels. Peering in through the chamber windows, he beheld sleeping apartments comfortably furnished, chairs, wash-stands, mirrors, and beds smoothed down with clean linen and heavy comforters, pillows nicely tucked and puffed by the chambermaid's hand—all inviting to luxurious repose. He was tempted to go in and take a cold sleep after his hard climb over the mountains, but the sepulchral solitude chilled his heart and blood. It was like the things beheld by divers who go down into the waters of the sea, and look through portholes of sunken argosies into luxuriously upholstered rooms, where the green waters flow undisturbed. Not a living soul did he behold.

Here, just across the street from the room of the stock-board above-mentioned, is the office, handsomely furnished, of a stock-broker. If his vaults were plethoric with gold—and it is extremely doubtful if they ever were—they could scarce be safer in the whole world, for Old Boreas has locked them fast and sure with snow. No burglars need be dreaded here. How strange and sad it seems, as we walk along these silent streets, to see the signs swing and mournfully creak in the breeze. But all the busy tradespeople are gone; the customers are gone; all, all are gone. And here is the office of The Meadow Lake Sun book and job printing establishment. On the bulletin-board facing the street we read, in display type, "Briefs and transcripts executed neatly, promptly and handsomely, in accordance with the new rules of the Supreme Court, at the most reasonable rates. Stock books furnished to order."

A melancholy sarcasm in that last clause—melancholy, because the writers of it were in good earnest, whatever others were. The Meadow Lake Sun shines no more; it has long since collapsed in the snow. And here on C street (number not shown) was the residence of G. A. Brier, reporter, a place with the dilapidated and seedy appearance traditional to Bohemians. Here was the wholesale liquor store of M. Flood & Co., on B street, between First and Second. A great many of the flimsy roofs of great superfices are utterly broken down to the ground by the enormous masses of snow, which falls in this region the aggregate depth of forty or fifty feet in a year.

The one solitary inhabitant, Hartley, in his long winter sojourn can move about only on snow-shoes, or Norwegian skates. With his guiding-pole in his hand, striking on this side and then on that, he attains a speed of locomotion incredible to dwellers in the valleys.

Two miles away to the south the Old Man lifts its granite face, and looks down with sad and solemn mien on the swift mutations of human fortune. The grayish coloring of the Sierra summits imparts to the scenery an aspect of hoary and ancient desolation, and thus redeems these mushroom wrecks with an appearance of being the remains of some by-gone age.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Uncle—"Now, how did the mother of Moses hide him?" Niece—"With a stick."

☞ The brain of Agassiz weighed 53.4 ounces avoirdopois.

☞ Carthage, Illinois, will not allow boys under sixteen years of age to use tobacco.

☞ A couple at Woodville, Ia., have been divorced four times, and now contemplate a fifth reunion.

☞ An old lady in Washington was recently heard to observe, on taking up the morning paper, "I wonder if anybody has been born that I know."

☞ In Indianapolis, a starving vagrant is engaged in selling his wife's wedding ring to buy bread. His average sales are twenty-five rings per week.

☞ A poor family bought three camel's hair shawls at three thousand dollars apiece. They wanted garments that would be warm and comfortable, and did not care for show.

☞ A citizen of North Bridgewater, Mass., recently found it necessary to publish a card to the effect that "he had not come to an untimely end by committing suicide."

☞ A New York woman has recovered $5 000 damages from the city, in consequence of her husband having been knocked down and killed by a carelessly driven city ambulance.

☞ Andrew Jackson was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool who could not spell a word more ways than one."

☞ Carbolic acid is said to be a deadly poison to snakes, a few drops being sufficient to cause the almost instant death of the cobra. But the little trouble is the administering of it.

☞ The nice-looking rolls of butter which certain persons bring to market in Albany, are found to contain on an average about eight ounces of mashed potatoes to the pound.

☞ "What was you brought up on?" asked a rough Western judge of a lean and lank culprit. "Brought up on a charge of vagrancy, I believe, your honor."

☞ A Wisconsin lady fired a gun-load of salt at a man who was plundering her woodpile at night, preserving her wood and putting the thief into a pretty pickle.

☞ The Duke of Edinburgh is said to be the first English Prince ever commissioned in the Prussian army.

☞ A quartette of Swedish girls is the latest musical attraction in Paris. They sing Scandinavian melodies.

☞ A farmer reading a journal to his wife in which was the sentence: "The President was received with three huzzas," pronounced the last word "hussies." "More shame for him," exclaimed the indignant and scandalized lady.

☞ "When I think of the bummers that left Boston in 1849 to find their fortunes in California, and then hear Bret Harte call 'em Argonauts," said a gentleman after the lecture, "I must award to Bret the credit of refinin' whatever he teches."

☞ A New Haven editor last Sunday attended church. When the contribution box came around he was in a doze, but on being nudged, hastily exclaimed, "I have a pass."

☞ The utility of poodle dogs is shown by an ingenious dyer out West, who uses his poodle for a walking or trotting advertisement. He delights to exhibit his pet dressed up in a suit of purple ears, azure body, fore legs black, hind legs yellow, emerald head and solferino tail

☞ One of the New York papers, attributes the large number of mysterious disappearances in that city to the large river frontage, and the facility with which people can walk off the end of a pier or side of a dock.

☞ A suburban minister applied to a ticket agent on one of the railroads for a "clergyman's ticket," and on the official expressing a doubt as to his clerical character, exclaimed, "If you don't believe I am a clergyman I'll read you one of my sermons!" The agent passed over the ticket, but did not insist upon the proof.

☞ Wooden shoes are highly recommended by the agricultural societies and governments of Europe, it being shown that many diseases resulting in impaired constitutions, and even in the loss of life, have resulted from wearing leather shoes in wet weather.

☞ Mr. Jones carries his money in his hat, and the other day, when he saw the entire supply going off on the wings of heaven, he bitterly remarked, "That's what you get with your infernal inflation."

☞ A friend sends us the following shrewd saying of one of the little ones, which goes to prove that old heads are often found on young shoulders: A five-year-old miss of this place was overheard by her mother the other day, talking to her doll: "Now, Alice Maud, you be good and you'll be happy—but," with a peculiar inflection, "you won't have so good a time."—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ At Portland, Me., recently, a gentleman dropped a glove on the street; as it was an old one he thought he would leave it, and walked along. In a moment he felt the cold nose of a dog touch his hand, and looking down saw a large Newfoundland dog looking up in his face. Paying no attention he passed along, but he had not proceeded far when the dog touched him again. A third time this was repeated, when a hackman sang out, "You have lost something, and the dog wants you to go and get it." The gentleman retraced his steps, recovered the mitten, and the dog was satisfied.

☞ Suicide.—We have often heard, says a correspondent, that suicide is epidemic in Paris, and I believe that it is actually so. This mania is just now raging. Within ten days eleven old people, their ages averaging sixty-five years, have made away with their lives, several by drowning themselves in the Seine—a favorite means with these poor but desperate creatures.

☞ The last glimpse the Washington world caught of Carl Benson was at Nilsson's opera. The audience soon broke into a loud laugh, rude at a personal mishap as the most fastidious American audience ever is. For there, in the seat next to the orchestra, amid an ocean of full dress, stood Carl Benson in his shirt sleeves. In taking off his overcoat, he had carried his "swallow-tail" with it. He would have looked very funny had his face not been so thin and wan. It was almost his farewell to the gay world of fashion and art in which he lived.

☞ A Chicago poet, upon hearing that Nilsson was about to erect cow-sheds upon her Peoria lots, has burst forth into the following verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do, the morn and eve between, and not by the dim religious light of the fitful kerosene. For the cow may plunge, and the lamp explode, and the fire fiend ride the gale, and shriek the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten pail!"

☞ The mingling a Chinese element into the American constitution promises to have a good effect in several ways. For instance, we hear that a gang of Celestials in Louisiana, having a cashier who fell short in his accounts, instead of suffering him to twiddle his thumbs and say, "What are you going to do about it?" seized him immediately, chopped off his offending hands, and buried him alive.

☞ A Breach of Promise Case.—The charge of a Kansas judge in a breach of promise case was exceedingly lucid and comprehensive: "The evidence shows that he sot up with her night after night, and they squoze hands and talked soft, and I think she ought to have $23 damages." But the jury, in consideration of the low price of corn, reduced it to $1 75, and in Kansas that passes for justice.

A Romance.

Having made an imprudent marriage, the son of a wealthy English family was disinherited, and doomed to poverty, which killed him before his only son had entered his teens. Left alone in the world his unfortunate widow was obliged to place the boy, then twelve years of age, under the care of a distant relative—a sea captain—who grudgingly offered him a place on a steamer in the East Indian service. From the time of entering upon his duties on shipboard the widow's son was treated like the rudest cabin-boy, with a positive brutality of treatment by the captain, which the lower officers were not slow to imitate. So harsh, indeed, was his lot, that the common sailors commiserated him for it, and, the steamer happening to be at San Francisco in August last, one of them was prompted to connive at his escape to American soil in California. By the same kind and humble friend he had a hiding-place and temporary home secured for him with a lady of well-known benevolence in the southern part of the Golden City, who, after the departure of the steamer, obtained employment for him in a local drug store. Very soon the young sailor adapted himself diligently and efficiently to his new vocation, his old sailor-friend having promised to carry back the news to his mother in London. And a druggist's clerk he is yet, though in reception of intelligence calculating to make his future life very different from the past. The very first letter from the widow, after the arrival of the Indian steamer in England, informed him that his grandfather, the rich magistrate, had just died, unrelenting toward the unfortunate mother to the last, but leaving her son a fortune of £10 000. Accompanying this motherly revelation was an epistle from the lawyer employed by the executors of the dead man's estate, assuring the grandson of his riches, and in a few more days the former cabin-boy will receive money to take him back to home and opulence far different from that in which he began his youthful exile.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

GROVER & BAKER'S
IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

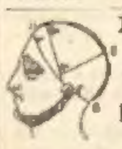
SEWING MACHINES.
SIMPLE, DURABLE, RELIABLE, LIGHT RUNNING, and EASILY OPERATED.

SALESROOMS:
786 BROADWAY, New York,
730 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia. fe7-26t

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau street, New York. oct18-26t

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep
GUARANTEED BY USING MY
Instant Relief for the Asthma.
It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Ask your Druggist for it. CHAS. B. HURST,
mar1-52t Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizetts, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov5-eow1f

"SERPENTS' EGGS," 25c. "Magic Photographs," 25c. "Japanese Crystallets," 25c. "Magic Transfer Pictures," 25c. All post-paid. "Illustrated Book of Wonders," free for stamp. B. FOX & CO., 389 Canal St., N. Y. city. dec6-26t

FOR SALE, A DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING PRESS, built by Taylor. Bed 37 by 51 inches. Is in good running order, the Sunday Mercury having recently been printed upon it, will make 4000 impressions an hour—has been run as fast as 5000. Apply at the office of The Saturday Evening Post, 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Bickford Family Knitting Machine.
The Oldest, Most Practical and the Best.
I can knit a stocking complete without taking it from the Machine till it is finished.—Burke L. Fitzgerald, Cannon, Me. The more I use it the better I like it.—Mrs. Chosby Curtis, Medina, O. Altogether it works beyond my expectations.—Mrs. Alvina Walker, Malone, N. Y.
Send for Descriptive Circular, sent free, which contains many similar recommendations. Price $75 to $75. Agents wanted. Address
BICKFORD SPINNER AND KNITTING MACHINE CO.,
36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

"EDEOGRAPHY." A new book on the art of Writing by Sound; a complete system of Phonetic Short Hand—the shortest, most simple, easy, and comprehensive, enabling any one in a short time, to report trials, speeches, sermons, &c. The Lord's Prayer is written with forty-nine strokes of the pen, and 140 words per minute. The unemployed should learn this art. Price by mail 50 cents. Agents wanted. Address T. W. EVANS & Co., 139 S. Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa. fe21-eow7t

LADIES, send 35 Cents for one of those nicely perfumed boxes of Initial Stationery. A present to each purchaser. Address
fe21-1t CHAS. C. WEEKS, Dorchester, Mass.

ANY ONE sending us the address of ten persons with 10 cents, will receive, free, a beautiful chromo and instructions how to get rich, postpaid. City Novelty Co., 108 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. fe14 13t

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. fe14-1y

THE WIZARD'S WONDERFUL CABINET.
A Budget of Wonders. Complete Apparatus to perform 5 Celebrated Tricks. Instructions for many others. Mailed for 25 Cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 146 Broadway, New York. fe7-13t

The Beardic A NEW DISCOVERY! A Chemical Triumph. Luxurious Whiskers or Mustaches produced in 21 days. A success in every instance. Price, 75 cents a Package. Address, LEE & CO., 106 Sixth Avenue, New York. Safe and sure. fe7-13t

$72 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted, particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. jan31-13t

$5 A DAY and a $100 GOLD WATCH FREE, Absolutely. Address, with stamp, Union Co., Syracuse, N. Y. jan24-4t

MURDER Will out! Truth Triumph at! Agents, old and young, male and female, make more money selling our French and American JEWELRY, BOOKS, AND GAMES, than at anything else. Greatest inducements to Agents and Purchasers. Catalogues, Terms, and full particulars sent FREE to all. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., jan24-6teow Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED for the new book, LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
Kit Carson
by his comrade and friend, D. W. C. Peters, Brevet Lt. Col. and Surgeon, U. S. A., from facts obtained by himself. The only True and Authentic Life of America's greatest HUNTER, TRAPPER, SCOUT and GUIDE ever published. It contains full and complete descriptions of the Indian tribes of the FAR WEST, as seen by Kit Carson, who lived among them all his life. It gives a full, reliable account of the MODOCS, and the MODOC WAR. As a work of HISTORY it is invaluable. A grand opportunity for agents to make money. Our illustrated circulars sent free to all applicants. Write and secure territory at once. DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn. jan10-4t

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE—Male and Female. New Novelties. Just out. Every house-keeper will purchase. Address Phila. Novelty Mfg. Co. 604 Franklin St., Phila., Pa. jan10-1y

Winter Employment.
Work for Everybody. Good Wages. Permanent Employment. Men and Women Wanted. Full particulars free. Address W. A. Henderson & Co., Cleveland, O., or St. Louis, Mo. dec27-26t

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption.

The few compositions which have won the confidence of mankind and become household words, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvellous cures, that have won for it a confidence in its virtues never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of *Coughs, Colds, Consumption*, that can be made by medical skill. Indeed the Cherry Pectoral has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors, to a great extent, and given a feeling of immunity from their fatal effects that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely precaution. The prudent should not neglect it, and the wise will not. Keep it by you for the protection it affords by its timely use in sudden attacks.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

Secret of Beauty.

LAIRD'S
BLOOM OF YOUTH.

This delightful and harmless toilet preparation is undoubtedly the best in the world for preserving the Skin and Beautifying the complexion.

How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful.

Beware of Counterfeits.

See that the United States Revenue Stamp is printed on the front label and the name of G. W. Laird is stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle—no other is genuine. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. oct4-26t

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven before it comes,
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My Love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death! SAXE HOLM.

CINDERELLA.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

Her real name was Lucinda. I doubt if Jane Gay had ever read the story of the little glass slipper; but if she had, she never would have thought of giving to her one baby such a heathenish, out-of-the-way appellation as Cinderella. The child was named for her grandmother; a good old-fashioned, substantial name that had been in the Gay family for generations. Not that any one called her by it, unless once in a while, in some sudden stress of anger or offended dignity. Sometimes it was Cinda, but generally Cindy—and this last name the girl liked best of all. She learned to like another still better after a time—but thereby hangs a tale.

You remember the gold-fever, the sudden wild enthusiasm that swept over the whole land like a tornado in 1848, and bore so many adventurous young men to the Pacific coast? Well, Philip Gay was one of the first to go, and one of the first to die. He never came back. His wife led a half-and-half sort of existence that was not life for a year or two, and then followed him to the unknown land that is at once so much nearer and so much farther than California. Very far, very remote, it seemed to the little Cindy.

But she was not left utterly desolate. Aunt Tilly lived in Millthorpe, and after the funeral she took the child home with her. After the cottage and the bit of land were sold, and the debts were paid, it was found that there was a trifle left; enough, if well invested, to clothe the girl and to send her to school for a year or two. So she was not quite penniless.

And there in Millthorpe we find her, on the eve of her eighteenth birthday. It has been a long, hot July day; but now the sun has gone down in a blaze of glory, and a soft purple haze lies low in the valleys. The house, which stands well back from the village street, is thrown open, that the grateful cool of the evening may steal in at window and doorway. Mrs. Munro stands in the wide entrance hall, with a troubled face, and an open letter in her hand. Her daughter Elizabeth, a tall, dark-haired girl of twenty, bends toward the west window, reading by the fast-waning light. Laura, the younger, lies languidly on the sofa, fanning herself.

Cindy has just finished putting away the tea-things. She has polished the last teaspoon, made the glasses clear and bright, brushed the crumbs off the pantry-shelf, and "set sponge" for to-morrow's baking. For her, too, the hour of rest has come, and she has dropped down on the back doorstep for a little coolness and quiet. Not that she is so very tired, for she has perfect health, and is generally the blithest little creature under the sun. Yet to-night she looks a trifle worn and weary.

Just then Mrs. Munro came out with the open letter in her hand.

"I don't know what to do, Cindy," she said. "I hate to refuse, and it's such a fuss to have him come."

"Have who come, Aunt Tilly?"

"Oh, I forgot. You don't know. Why, I have just got a letter from that Miss Alden, who boarded here one summer. She wants me to take her brother for a few months. He's a painter, or something."

Cindy's face sparkled all over.

"He's more than that," she said. "Miss Alden told me about him. He's a real artist."

"What's the difference?" asked Aunt Tilly. "I'd be willing to have him come, just to oblige his sister, but it will make so much more work—and—"

"Never mind that, Aunt Tilly," interrupted Cindy. "I don't mind the work, if you think best to have him come."

Brave little Cindy! She never did "mind the work;" and the result was, she had it all to do. Those who are willing to be burden-bearers for others have no difficulty in finding the burdens. Not one of that family meant to be unjust or ungenerous. But Elizabeth was "literary" in a very small way. She was fond of her books, fond of study. She wrote verses for the county paper, and it was vaguely hinted that she was engaged on something that would sometime, etc., etc. Of course her time was quite too precious to be wasted on housework.

Laura was a fair, placid, indolent beauty. She did not like to wash dishes, for it spoiled her hands. She did not like to sweep, for it made her back ache. She did not like to cook, for it reddened her face. As for Mrs. Munro, she was one of those women to whom, be she old or be she young, the grasshopper is a burden.

Money was not over plenty in the house; and to take city boarders—just as an accommodation, you know—was considered a respectable way to eke out a moderate income. It was an easy way as well, when there was a Cindy to the fore. Before she went to bed that night, Mrs. Munro had written to Miss Alden that rooms should be in readiness for her brother the last of that week.

He came, this Winthrop Alden, a handsome, manly-looking fellow, in spite of a recent illness. Well-born and well-bred, with plenty of blue blood in his veins, which was yet warmed and enriched by the red of our common humanity—an artist, as Cindy had said, but with so much of ancestral wealth that he could afford time to do good work and to do it well—full of all beautiful enthusiasms, with an eye that was quick to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to feel whatever was best worth seeing and hearing and feeling, was it any wonder that he was sweet-tempered and charming, and that he brought into the house a glow brighter than that of the summer sunshine?

It does not seem strange to me that, in less than a week, there was a fluttering in that dove-cote. Every one of these girls had her own ambitions; even Cindy, who had not found it out yet. Elizabeth was only sensible of a vague longing for "something better than she had known" in Millthorpe; for a higher culture and a loftier living. Laura was beautiful, and she knew it, and meant to make the most of it. Beautiful with mere physical beauty—the beauty of roundness and coloring, of pink and white flesh, blue eyes and golden hair. She was not going to marry a Millthorpe clodhopper, do her own work, tend her own babies, have two calico gowns a year, and maybe a new silk once in five—not she! She was waiting for the prince to come and array her in satins and laces and jewels. But she was not such a fool as to say this, even in whispers; and to all appearance she was sweet simplicity itself, guileless and unsophisticated as a child.

What was Cindy's ambition? It had taken no tangible form as yet. But God had given this girl, who had never seen more than two or three really fine pictures in her life, whose knowledge of the miracles of art was confined to a few engravings and photographs, an instinctive love of form and color, and a burning eagerness to reproduce them. The creative instinct was strong within her. She drew, as the bird sings, from pure love, with no thought of what might come of it. But upstairs, in her own room, there was one bureau drawer filled with scraps, bits of cardboard, drawing-paper, envelopes, and what not, covered with pencillings, outlines—hints of the glowing life of the girl's heart and brain. There were crude attempts at color, too; here a flower, there a spray of grasses; now a child's face, and then a bird with folded wings. There were glimpses of sunset skies, and one stretch of blue sea, with a lone ship fading in the distance.

I said there was a fluttering in the dove-cote. The studies that formerly held Elizabeth lost their attraction, and she began to feel an intense interest in all that pertains to art. Raphael, Guido, Michael Angelo—these became upon her lips as common household words. She never tired of sitting, metaphorically speaking, at Winthrop Alden's feet, and being taught of him. Art was the one thing needful, and her very soul did reverence at the shrine of the genius that could make the fleeting beauty of a day immortal as the stars.

Laura played a different game. She was arch and saucy and coquettish. She praised his work to-day, and made fun of it to-morrow. Then, when she had succeeded in annoying or wounding him, her penitence was most bewitching; and with tears in her sweet blue eyes, and a quiver of her childlike lips, she would plead her ignorance and inexperience, and beg his pardon with dangerous humility.

One day she came running to him with a pretty affectation of simplicity.

"Oh, Mr. Alden," she said, clasping her hands, "if you would only teach me how to draw! I have wanted to learn all my life. But how could I, away up here where there are no teachers—no anything? Maybe," she went on, naively, dropping her eyelids till the long lashes swept her cheeks, "maybe I could appreciate your work better if I should try my hand at it, and learn some of its difficulties."

Mr. Alden laughed outright. It seemed supremely ridiculous to him that he—Winthrop Alden—should be asked to give lessons to his landlady's daughter, and the idea of her being able to judge of his difficulties by any she was likely to encounter. But the very simplicity of the request was so amusing that he said:

"Very well, Miss Laura. It is a bargain, if, in return, you will be my guide to all that is beautiful and picturesque in this wild region."

"Oh, thank you," she cried. "I have been longing to show you some lovely views ever since you have been here, but feared you would think me intrusive. Shall we go up to Sunset Rock to night, Mr. Alden? I'd love to go."

Poor Cindy! For the first time in her life she envied Elizabeth and Laura. This new hero of theirs was no less a hero to her. As for loving him, she would as soon have thought of loving a star or the sun itself. But this man was the embodiment of all her dreams. He did with easy, careless grace—the ease and grace of a god, it seemed to her—the very things that she longed to do. He lived her own ideal life. It was hard to be in the kitchen, doing the rough work, while Elizabeth sat in the cool, shaded parlor, leading Winthrop Alden on to talk of his work and its aspirations, of artist life and its romantic associations—of all, in short, that was dearest to Cindy's soul. It was hard to be shelling peas for dinner, while Laura, in the prettiest of morning dresses wandered over the hills, or sought out fairy nooks with her drawing-master.

One day she was washing the dinner dishes, trying vainly to recall the blithe content of former days, and wondering whither it had flown, when Mr. Alden passed through the kitchen. Pausing for a moment in the shadow of the trumpet honeysuckle, with his hand upon the door-post, he looked down the fragrant garden-paths, and then back into the room from which the heat of various culinary operations had not yet escaped. Cindy's cheeks were flushed, her hair lay upon her forehead in little moist brown rings, her hands trembled, and she looked thoroughly uncomfortable.

"It is very warm to-day, Miss Cinderella," he said. Even genius can offer commonplaces.

"Cinderella!" she cried, opening her brown eyes at him, as she nearly dropped a tumbler. "What a funny idea! That's not my name, Mr. Alden."

"It is not? I beg your pardon. But they call you Cinda—Cindy—do they not? I supposed it was for Cinderella."

"It is not. It is for Lucinda—just plain Lucinda, Mr. Alden."

"Lucinda—Cinderella," he repeated, musingly, while his eye roved around the room, taking quick note of everything, from the pots and kettles on the hearth to the saucer of pansies on the window-sill, and the young girl's tired face. "A strange blunder of mine. But I really supposed it was Cinderella."

He hesitated a moment, while a sudden light broke over his face, and a smile played about his mouth.

"Cin-de-rel-la"—he said again, lingering on the word. "We are not going to the prince's ball, Miss Cindy, but we are going up the hill to the pine woods. Those cool green silences will be delightful such a day as this. Won't you go with us?"

Ah, would they not be? She longed for them unutterably. Winthrop Alden did not see the hot tears that sprang to her eyes, for she turned to the sink and bent over her dish-pan, as she answered, quietly:

"Thank you. But it will not be convenient to-day. Some other time, perhaps."

Why should she tell him that there were clothes to be folded down, and biscuits to be baked, and raspberries to be picked for tea, and divers other things to be done? What could he understand about it? And the worst of it was, these things had never seemed so burdensome, so distasteful before. She had not realized herself, until this summer, how different a life was hers from that led by her cousins.

The young man touched his hat and walked away. But as soon as he was out of sight, Cindy dropped her dish-towl, and flew up-stairs in a sudden passion of tears. Cinderella indeed! She saw it all now. Yet there was no cross stepmother; there were no cruel sisters. Her aunt and the girls were simply thoughtless, and, maybe—she did not like to say it—selfish. That was all. But, alas! there was no fairy godmother either!

She wiped her eyes and came down-stairs again. The water was cold, and the fire had gone out. So much for quarrelling with fate, she thought. It was better to go quietly on and not fall into spasms. But she had made up her mind in that seemingly wasted hour. She would be her own godmother! She would make no disturbance in the household this summer. This Mr. Alden did not belong to her world. He was nothing to her, nor she to him. What was it to her, if he did seem to like Elizabeth's conversation, or if he should be entangled in the meshes of Laura's golden hair?

She was happier after this. Gradually her vague plans began to take definite form and shape. She scanned the contents of her bureau-drawer with an eye that daily gained strength and clearness. She studied every pencil stroke of Mr. Alden's that fell in her way with intense eagerness. Day by day the conviction grew upon her that though she might not paint great pictures for the world to wonder at, she might still do something if she had a chance—something in the doing of which the best of herself might find expression.

But if she could only share the lessons about which Laura made such an ado—and about which, it must be confessed, Cindy felt no little curiosity. Laura kept her portfolio under lock and key. Cindy remembered that when they were in school she could hardly draw a map, or the simplest figure in geometry. Was she developing a new talent—one that she had heretofore hidden under a napkin? Had her beautiful cousin found a soul at last? For more than once she heard Mr. Alden praising her work, and telling her how far it surpassed his expectations; while Laura listened with shy, downcast eyes, and the softest, sweetest flush deepened on her white rose cheek.

"I don't know what to make of Lal," said Elizabeth, one day, when she had volunteered to concoct a pudding. "I wonder if she is really turning over a new leaf? I never suspected her of a talent for anything but making the most of her hair and eyes, and dressing wonderfully well considering what she has to do it with. But Mr. Alden says she is doing admirably in her drawing." And the speaker proceeded to beat her eggs vehemently.

"Have you seen anything she has done?" asked Cindy.

"No. And that's what strikes me as being odd. Laura is so unaccountably modest all of a sudden; puts on the shiest airs, and cries, 'oh, no! not for the world! Wait till I have something better to show!' It's something new for Laura."

"But you are in the room sometimes when she takes her lessons?" remarked Cindy, with a question in her voice.

"Oh, Mr. Alden does not teach like a drawing-master. She just sketches whatever she pleases, and he criticises and makes suggestions. She won't draw so much as a straight line in his presence. And he thinks it just lovely of her—I know he does. She makes him think she is as shrinking and sensitive as a harebell."

Elizabeth had her troubles, too, it seemed.

The next morning Mr. Alden announced that he was going off on a long tramp; should probably be gone all day. Laura took advantage of his absence to closet herself with her dressmaker; Elizabeth locked herself into her room, and gave orders that she was on no account to be disturbed; Aunt Tilly went down street to see a friend and do some errands.

"Now I have a chance to give Mr. Alden's parlor a thorough putting to rights," said Cindy to herself. "It has needed it this long time." And, tying a handkerchief over her head, she forthwith went to work.

She was rubbing chairs and tables with a hearty good will when the door suddenly opened.

Mr. Alden lifted his hat, while a sudden flush crimsoned his forehead. Then he stepped quickly into the room, and took the duster from Cindy's hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but you do me too much honor. I took care of my own study while I was in college, and I can again. Let the dust gather an inch deep, my lady abbess, before you don that becoming white head-gear another time in behalf of a lazy fellow like me."

"That would be fine housekeeping!" she cried, snatching off the head-kerchief, and hiding it in her pocket while she regained possession of the tabooed duster. "What made you come back, Mr. Alden? You were to be gone all day."

"To catch you in the midst of your sins, Miss Cinderella," he answered, solemnly, wheeling a large chair into position; "and to inflict righteous judgment upon you by compelling you to sit still for half an hour, while I show you these," said he, unlocking a portfolio of rare engravings.

Cindy's eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed. Then she turned toward the door. "But the dinner, Mr. Alden! I—"

"Dinner be—dispensed with," he said. "I want nothing but a bowl of milk. Confess, now! You did not think of dinner till I came."

She did not reply; and she stood there, with her hand on the door-knob—a pretty picture of irresolution.

"No dinner for me," he went on. "Are you fond of pictures? What shall I show you? Figure pieces—landscapes? What do you like best?"

"I—hardly know—" she faltered. "I have seen so few. Show me your own work, Mr. Alden; something you are doing now. I shall be sure to like that."

He hesitated, glanced at her curiously, half laughed, and then laid his hand on the cloth thrown over an easel near the window.

"Did you lift this?" he asked. "Did you look at this picture?"

"O, no, no!" she cried, coloring. "How can you ask it, Mr. Alden? Indeed, I have looked at nothing that you did not leave in plain sight."

His own face flushed.

"This is no Blue Beard's closet, Miss Cindy. I should not have killed you if you had looked. But to make amends for my impudent question, I have half a mind to let you see this—even at the risk of your displeasure. Look there!"

It was a quaint old kitchen; dim, shadowy, lighted only by the embers on the hearth. Leaning against the stone jamb of the great fire-place, with a weary look upon her young face, and her hands clasped despondingly, stood an unmistakable Cinderella.

Cindy took in nothing at first but a general idea of the power and pathos of the picture, holding her breath for very delight, while Mr. Alden watched her eagerly. Her eye wandered over the canvas, grasping detail after detail, until at length, as if saving the best wine for the last, it settled upon the drooping figure in the corner. For a moment she gazed silently; then she uttered a faint exclamation, while the red blood fled from her cheeks, and she burst into tears. Cinderella's face was her own.

"Forgive me; O, forgive me!" cried Mr. Alden, as he saw her agitation. "I could not help it! The name—and—everything! Indeed, indeed, I did not mean to wound you. But the idea has haunted me for weeks, and I had to work it out. Tell me you are not hurt—not angry, Miss Cindy! See! I will tear the picture in shreds, if you say so."

"No, no!" she cried, putting out her hand to stop him. "Leave it as it is. I do not care—I do not mind. But, Mr. Alden, I shall find my godmother some time—or I shall make one for myself!" and before he could detain her she had gone.

The next afternoon brought a heavy mail to Mr. Alden, and after tea he strolled down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a rustic summer house, with a table and a chair or two, to look over the new monthlies. Presently Laura followed him, with her portfolio.

"I don't expect you want to see me one bit," she said, throwing back her long curls with a pretty, childlike toss. "Not now, when you've just got news from home, and everything. But I've come, nevertheless. I do so want you to tell me what is the trouble with this sketch. I can't get it to suit me. O, Mr. Alden!" and she laid her white hand upon his arm appealingly, "what shall I do when you go away, and I have no one to help me? You have added so much to my life!"

He made no reply—ungallant fellow that he was—as he took the little sketch, or design, from her hand, and glanced at it carelessly. But in a moment he lost his listless air, pushed back the hair from his forehead, laid the bit of drawing-paper on the table before him, and examined it carefully.

"This design is remarkable for the work of a beginner, Miss Laura," he said, at length. "You are a perpetual surprise to me. You have such a way of getting at the heart of things. What do you mean by this? Put your thought in words."

He was surprised—puzzled. No man could be blind to Laura's beauty; he had enjoyed it, as he enjoyed a lovely picture. But he had soon discovered, or thought he had, that with all her little gushes of sentiment, her artless candor, she had no more soul than the Venus de Medici. Yet now, for more than a month, she had brought to him, day after day, designs and sketches that betrayed a power of thought, a depth of feeling and insight, a pure womanliness beyond his comprehension. The execution was often very faulty—but the power was there undeniably.

"You meant something by this," he went on, as she did not speak. "You were not simply making a picture. I think I read your thought. But tell me what it was?"

Just then a step sounded on the gravel-walk without. Laura hastily gathered up her papers; but before she could reach the one Mr. Alden was examining, a sudden gust of wind caught it, and sweeping it outside the door, dropped it at Cindy's feet.

"That is mine! Do not touch it!" cried Laura. But with a quick start and an exclamation of astonishment, Cindy stooped down and picked it up.

"It is mine," said she, calmly, while her form dilated and her eye kindled with a sudden light. "It is mine. Where did you get it, Laura? And what right have you to show my pencillings to Mr. Alden?"

"It is not yours—it is mine," repeated Laura, trembling like a leaf and pallid as a ghost; "I drew it to-day—this very morning."

Cindy colored painfully. She had spoken involuntarily; but now she shrank, with womanly sensitiveness, from exposing her cousin to Mr. Alden's contempt.

"Let it pass, then," she said, and would have turned away.

But he stopped her, laying his hand upon the portfolio. "This can hardly be a mistake," he said, gently. "It is better to have an understanding on the spot. Do you say this drawing is yours, Miss Cindy?"

She looked at Laura imploringly, but the latter stood sullen and silent as a statue.

"Is it yours, Miss Cindy?"

She took the paper from his hand. Down in one corner, following the outline of a plantain leaf, she showed him certain minute characters.

"Read that," she said. And he read aloud—"Cinderella."

"Would she be likely to have written that?" she asked.

Laura had vanished.

What passed for the next hour, Cindy could never have told. It was all a bewildering dream. Every sketch in the portfolio was her own. They had been taken one by one from the bureau drawer. She had missed them; but supposed she carelessly mislaid them herself, and had had no time to make thorough search. In her sweet humility she would not have dared to show them to Mr. Alden. But now he had seen them, had praised them, had spoken the kindest, dearest words of hope and encouragement. He had recognized in her, untaught, untrained as she was, something akin to his own genius. Was it any wonder that at last she laid her head on the table and cried for very joy? Or that he should have smoothed back her brown hair and whispered—

"Don't cry, Cinderella. You have surely found your fairy godmother!"

When they went into the house in the deepening twilight, Elizabeth met them at the door.

"Laura has told me all about it," she said, in a constrained voice. "If she is my sister, I am compelled to say that it was shameful, dastardly. But, Mr. Alden, it was to gain your good opinion that she did it, and she has gone away that she may not see your face again. I do not think she fully comprehended the baseness of which she was guilty. Be as charitable as you can."

"It shall be a secret between us, never to be spoken of," he returned, kindly. "Her exile will not be for long, Miss Elizabeth, for I am going away to-morrow."

She gave him a quick look of thanks. "I have something to say to you, too, Cindy," warmly clasping the hand extended to meet hers, "and I want Mr. Alden to hear it. I am not in the mood for many words, but I have been abominably selfish and unwomanly, Cindy. I see it all now, and from this day forward there is to be a new order of things in this house. That's enough, isn't it?"

What Cindy whispered, as she threw herself into Elizabeth's arms and kissed her burning cheek, there is no need for me to tell.

You all think Cindy married Mr. Alden; and, as I did not set about telling a love story, I may as well say that she did. But it was not at once. His friendship and that of his sister, to whom he did not fail to tell of the rare and beautiful gift he had found hidden in a Millthorpe kitchen, opened doors for her which she might have found it difficult to open for herself; and the brave, strong little hands that had labored so faithfully, and so patiently there, labored no less assiduously when the work given them to do was no longer task-work, but the delight of an eager soul. It was not until she had accomplished much that she longed to accomplish—not until, a girl no longer, the wand of her fairy godmother had transformed her into a lovely, graceful, cultured woman, in every sense his peer—that she became the wife of Winthrop Alden, and moved her easel into his studio.—*The Aldine.*

A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

ETHEL.—"What's all that those two are talking about, Willie?"

WILLIE (contemptuously).—"Oh, it's only a man being photographed—or married—or something of that sort!"

The English Gipsies.

The English Gipsies are quite without religion, being almost the only people in the world who have no notion of immortality, and are not governed in the least degree by any thought of future reward or punishment. But if they have no religion, they have a curious devotion to the dead which has more influence on their lives than the religion of the most sincere believer usually has. When a friend dies, the survivor always gives up something of which he has been fond, in memory of the dead. If it be a boon companion, the friend who had drunk with him will taste no more liquor, thereafter. Sometimes cigars are given up—sometimes some kind of food which the deceased loved. Often a bereaved Gipsy will give up cards; or if he has danced often with some little brown sweetheart he will never dance again, after she is gone. Said a Gipsy to Mr. Leland—who has spent much time among them—"When Gipsy men or women die their friends do not like to call any one else by their names, and often they change them, if any in the family are called so; for 'twould make any man grieve to hear the names of the dead that were dear to him." The one oath that will bind a Gipsy is the oath he swears by his dead. He may swear you as many Christian oaths as you please, he will break them before you are round the next corner. But let him swear by the dead, and nothing can shake his fidelity.

TELLING CLIMAX.—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out West. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat beside him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; they won't be satisfied without it." The "hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases he knew, and, in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming, "E pluribus unum, Sine qua non, Ne plus ultra, Multum in Parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

FOOLISH PEOPLE.—Every now and then a correspondent gets angry because he does not have his queries answered as soon as he wishes. Let such remember that it is no part of our contract with our subscribers to answer their questions. Some we cannot answer, and some it does not suit us to answer, either because the question is too personal, or it would occupy too much of our time to ascertain. We must be the judges on all these points. Again, as we have a great deal of work to do, we cannot be expected to throw down everything else, to rush to ascertain what day and year Napoleon died on, or some other equally important matter. And when we do find it convenient to answer at once, it takes considerable time to get the answer in print and in the paper, each question taking its turn. All we have to say in conclusion is, that if any one is in a very great hurry to have his questions answered, he had better go to the nearest schoolmaster or minister, instead of sending his questions to us.

R. S., (Schulterville, Pa.,) asks: "If I have a person's promissory note, written in the usual way, but stating that it is to draw ten per cent. interest, can I collect the principal and interest? Or, if not, do I forfeit the whole amount, or only the interest? Some say I can collect the principal and six per cent. interest, others say I cannot get anything." In this State, any excess of interest above the legal rate (six per cent.) cannot be collected at law. In New Jersey, no interest at all can be collected by law, when usurious interest is taken. In Delaware and other States, the taking of usurious interest forfeits both interest and principal.

KICKAPOO, (Philadelphia,) asks: "In a case of libel is not the party making such libel held as guilty in the eye of the law whether the statements made be true or false?" "The greater the truth the greater the libel," is an axiom of the law, because if the libel be true, it is more injurious than if false. This of course applies only to cases where there is no justification of the publishing of the injurious matter. The law holds, and justly, that because a man has at one period of his life done a wrong thing, his character is not to be injured out of mere maliciousness, perhaps many years afterward, when he may have become an entirely different man. In such cases, "the greater the truth, the greater is the libel." In cases, however, where a sufficiently good reason for the libel is shown, the truth will justify it. But we advise our readers to abstain from all tattling and evil speaking, whether true or false.

BLANCHE, (Highland, Illinois,) asks: "1st. How is creosote made, and does it injure the teeth? 2d. Where can I obtain the History of the Arctic Regions, and what will it cost? 3d. By what race of people are the Falkland Islands inhabited? 4th. By whom were the Aleutian Islands discovered?" 1st. Creosote, a powerful, antiseptic, oily liquid, is obtained from distilling tar. We should not think that, used in small quantities, it would injure the teeth. Its tendency is to prevent putrefaction. 2d. There are several works of this character. Nearly all of our Arctic explorers have written and published accounts of their experience and observations in those regions, with such descriptions of climate, geography and inhabitants as might be said to constitute a history. Strictly speaking, very little history can be given of the Arctic regions, as there is little to give. History pertains to the doings of men, and the inhabitants of the remote north have not cut a very conspicuous figure on the stage of the world. You would find Dr. Kane's book very interesting. The cost of the work is from $3 to $6, according to style of binding. 3d. At the period of their discovery by Europeans the Falkland Islands were uninhabited. Colonies from England, Spain, and one or two other countries were in turn established, but have not prospered greatly. 4th. The Aleutian Islands were discovered by Captain Behring in 1728, the navigator whose name is given to the strait between Asia and North America. Captain Cook visited the Islands in 1778, and added to European knowledge of them.

ROSE, (Pierron, Ills.,) writes: "1st. For four years I have been troubled with pimples on my face, and have not yet tried to eradicate them; what would be the best remedy for them? 2d. Who owned the first dry-goods store in Chicago, Ills.? 3d. Is it wrong for a young lady to correspond with a stranger, just for fun's sake? 4th. Lastly, what do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. Add a teaspoonful of carbolic acid to a pint of rose-water, and bathe the face with it. Careful attention to the general rules of health in the best remedy. Avoid rich, greasy food, pies, pork, etc. Bathe frequently in tepid salt water. When your system has undergone a thorough change for the better, the pimples may disappear. 2d. We cannot say: some local chronicler may know. In 1851 Chicago contained about a dozen families, and it is probable that there was a dry-goods dealer among them. 3d. Yes, both wrong and dangerous. 4th. It is good.

ROSE, PINK AND LILY ask: "As you are so kind in answering questions for others, we thought we would ask you a few. 1st, Is the Grand Duke Alexis married. 2d. What is the name of the youngest child of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia? 3d. Will Mrs. Wood have any story in the Post this year? We all like her writings very much." 1st. No. 2d. We do not know. 3d. We have just given one from her pen.

ROSE MARIE, (Hollyville, Maine,) asks: "1st. From the works of what author are the oft quoted characters, 'Uncle Toby' and the 'Widow Wadman' taken? I have seen one of Rogers's statuettes entitled 'Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.' The artist represents the said 'Toby' sitting in dangerous proximity to the aforesaid widow; so near, indeed, that his nose touches her hand; he seems to be gazing into her eyes very intently. Please tell me the meaning of it all, and thereby oblige an ignoramus? 2d. What is the meaning of the phrase 'Gone up Salt river?' that is, how and where did it originate? If it is applied, I think to defeated political aspirants. 3d. Who was Cibber? I find this quotation attributed to him: 'Tea! thou soft, thou sober and venerable liquid; thou female tongue-running, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial!' 4th. Lastly, what do you think of my chirography, orthography, punctuation, etc., etc.?" 1st. The characters are found in Sterne's novel of "Tristram Shandy," of which Uncle Toby is the real hero. He is represented as a captain who had been wounded at the siege of Namur, and forced to retire from the service. He is celebrated for his kindness and benevolence, his courage, gallantry, and simplicity, no less than for his extreme modesty, his love passages with the Widow Wadman, and his military tastes, habits and discussions. In the statuette to which you refer, the dear old fellow is represented in one of his most characteristic moods. 2d. A defeated political party or candidate is said to be "flowed up Salt River," and those who attempt still to uphold the party or individual have the task of rowing up this ingracious stream. Inman says the allusion is to a small stream in Kentucky, the passage of which is rendered both difficult and dangerous by shallows, bars, and an extremely tortuous channel. 3d. Cibber—Colly Cibber was an English poet and dramatist, born 1671, died 1757. As a dramatic writer he wrote and adapted about thirty plays of various descriptions, among which are "Love's Last Shift," "Love Makes Man," and "The Nonjuror." He was poet laureate at one time, and in that capacity figures as the hero of the Dunciad.

W. A. S., (Carrollton, Mo.) "What made Alexander great? 2d. What do you think of a married man going to a nice dance, and leaving his wife at home? 3d. What do you think of my handwriting and spelling?" 1st. "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Alexander was probably born "great;" i. e. his native talents were in some respects of the order of genius. 2d. Perhaps his wife did not want to go, Charly, we are told, "thinketh no evil." 3d. Both poor.

TRUE GENTLEMAN, (Dalton, Ga.,) asks: "1st. What books would you recommend young persons to read who have talent for writing? 2d. Which should select the minister to perform the marriage ceremony, the 'bride expectant' or the groom? 3d. Is it proper for a young lady to accompany a young gentleman to the door and ask him to call again? 4th. What would a speech-book cost for a boy twelve or fourteen years old? 5th. What is the pronunciation of Lucille? 6th. How are my penmanship and punctuation?" 1st. Read the best English and American authors—Scott, Tennyson, Dickens, Bulwer, Addison, Milton and Shakespeare; Cooper, Irving, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and a score of others among our own authors. In short, read well written works of almost any character, as your tastes may direct you. 2d. Both parties should have a voice in that matter. 3d. Very proper, if it is the custom of the place, and very pleasant to the gentleman. 4th. There are various compilations of this character, almost any of which could be had for $1 or thereabouts. 5th. Le-sill'. 6th. Fair.

VULCAN, (Pittsburgh,) asks: "1st. Where can I get a United States Business Directory? 2d. Which is the best advertising paper? 3d. Is there any iron manufacturing paper in Virginia and West Virginia? 4th. How is my handwriting for business?" 1st. We do not know that such has been published. 2d. That is a matter of opinion. 3d. We believe there is no such journal published in either of those States. 4th. Pretty good.

AQUARIUM, (Cincinnati,) asks: "Is the smell of gas fatal to gold-fish?" We have heard that it is; the smell of cooking also. All that we have ever seen kept in a parlor in glass-globes, have one after another sickened and died. We are told that they thrive very well in aquaria properly prepared for them.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)